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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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The Writing Dog

a short story by

"Bugs" Baer

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SEPT. 29, 1934

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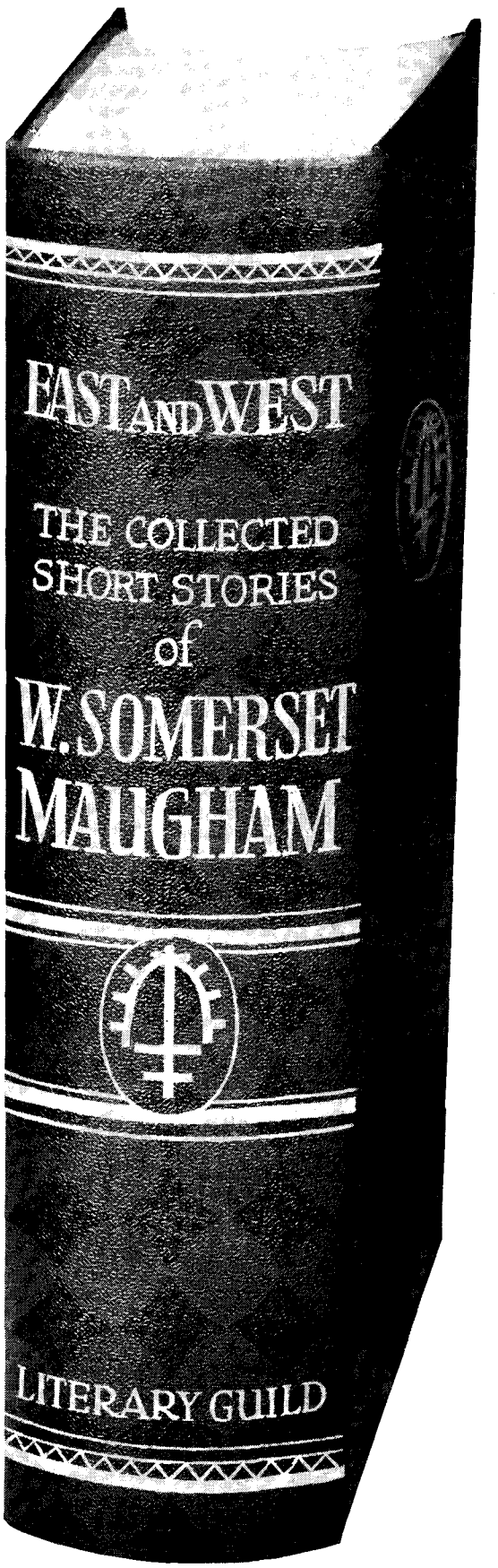

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

WHO determines the direction of our progress? No one man, that's sure. No one sits down at a desk and by pushing buttons controls our national future. But there are powerful influences that, like magnets, direct and hasten or deflect and retard it.

Henry A. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture, tells us that "two hundred of our large corporations control the jobs of something like half of the industrial employees. It is easy to see what hindrance to progress we can be subject to if these few industrial leaders in a moment of panic turn their backs on the common good in order to preserve property earnings and high salaries."

In this power, which goes with accumulated wealth, Mr. Wallace finds the source of much of the opposition encountered by the New Deal. Next week in a brilliant and hard-hitting article, taken from his forthcoming book, he describes "The Tyranny of Greed."

IN THE days when people played auction bridge, there used to be weary intervals in which a player could only sit by and watch while his opponents ran up a score. There's no excuse for that in contract. Every hand should be a fight to the last card, with a constant chance to upset the contract. Shepard Barclay shows you how to get the maximum pleasure from the game in "Don't Miss a Trick!"

DON MIGUEL was an Irishman. He was, in addition, mayor of San Felipe, an obscure seaport on the west coast of Mexico. Don Miguel spoke with a Spanish accent, but the more beer he drank the more Irish became his sentiments. On St. Patrick's Day, with the U. S. Destroyer Trimble anchored off the coast and Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan ashore, the stage was all set for a major celebration. Add to that a party of Britishers from H.M.S. Ajax and you'd be willing to bet that Messrs. Linn and Dunnevan would end up in the brig. But you'd lose. In "The Luck of Seaman Linn," Frederick Hazlitt Brennan offers additional proof that God loves United States sailors.

PAUL JONES tells the story of a "Smoke Eater," a young man who found the life of a volunteer fireman anything but dull. George Brooks contributes a brilliant story of the gridiron, "Irish Rules." Kyle Crichton, Quentin Reynolds, Ray Tucker, Kathleen Norris, E. Phillips Oppenheim and others carry on the good work. We can't hope to do them justice.

This Week

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September 29, 1934

Cover by Joseph Morgan

ARTHUR "BUGS" BAER
The Writing Dog. He had the artistic temperament. Page 7

GROVER JONES
The Backsliders. Comedy in the coal fields. Page 10

OWEN P. WHITE
All Washed Up. A desert in the making. Page 12

ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN
Narrow Channel. The love story of a retired pirate. Page 14

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM
The Man Who Saved the World, Part VII. Fawley skirting the abyss. Page 16

KATHLEEN NORRIS
Woman in Love, Part XI. Clemency denied. Page 18

FIDEL LA BARBA
You've Got to Get Up. What a fighter knows about the fighting instinct. Page 20

RAY TUCKER
Through Red Eyes. Russia takes a squint at us—from close range. Page 22

DAVID GARTH
The Perfect Prisoner. Plus a superperfect justice of the peace. Page 24

KATHARINE ROBERTS
Your Own Best Bet. Be yourself! Page 28

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. In a nutshell. Page 49

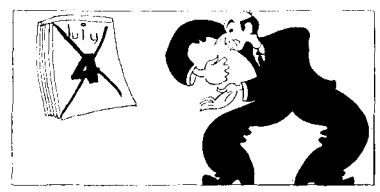
EDITORIAL
Pass Prosperity Around. Page 50

●

Any Week

MR. OWEN F. McNAIR of Colorado Springs, Colorado, assures us that all this exhortation to retrieve our personal liberties and demand "that something be done to restore to us our old rugged individualism is the bunk." Says he: "If I ever get back my rugged individualism I will sell it to anybody who is willing to part with two dollars and fifty cents in cash or kind, preferably groceries. This sort of spellbinding is not going to get the conservatives anywhere. Not this year or in this approaching season, anyway. Don't they know that we're all on relief and that you can't eat the Constitution? And don't they know we folks ain't silly enough to shoot Santa Claus?"

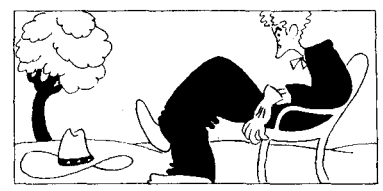
NEVERTHELESS, Mr. C. W. Sutton is pretty mad about it. Socking his good right fist into the palm of his capable left hand he cries: "Now that under the New Deal all individuality and independence is being suppressed, why continue the farce of celebrating Independence Day, July Fourth?"



BUT Mr. Joseph Dunphy of New York City is not bothered by such trifles. "Suppose," says he, "Walter Duranty, E. Phillips Oppenheim, John T. Flynn, Kathleen Norris, Quentin Reynolds, Walter Davenport, Grover Jones, T. R. Ybarra, Theresa Hyde Phillips, William MacHarg and Roark Bradford were to charter an airplane for a quick dash to a writers' retreat and cracked down en route at the rate of 150 miles an hour. How long would it take Collier's to abandon its hard and fast rule of 'No amateur need submit'?"

AS IF we knew. Mr. Herb Yarrell of Dallas, Texas, knows a colored boy who has a problem like that on his mind. Mr. Yarrell says this boy was being harangued one afternoon by "a frowzy spieler who wanted folks to do something about something. He pointed to the colored boy and shouted: 'When are you going to rise and demand your right to food and shelter?' And the colored boy, when finally convinced that he was being addressed, piped up: 'Cap'n, when I gits through being hungry and my ole woman gits ready to tek me back indo's, I jes' ain't gointa have the stren'th to rise up.'"

AND now because—and only because—we promised Mrs. Lulu Gross of Pontiac, Michigan, we publish the fourth of our staff biographies. This time it's Owen P. White, the middle initial purporting to stand for Partly. Mr. White, like the editor of this department, writes better than he looks, which is exceedingly fortunate for both of us. Mr. White, claiming to be the first white child to be born in El Paso, Texas, was graduated from the



University of Texas and New York Law School. Undaunted thereby, he has indulged in many trades, professions and dodges in his quest for a livelihood during the many years since. He has practiced law, been a banker, hired out as a revolutionist in Mexico, tried newspaper editing, telegraph operating, filibustering and end-manning in a medicine show minstrel troupe. A hangover from the latter accounts perhaps for his weakness for white cotton gloves and white canvas shoes, which he perforates himself while seated on the lawn of his home in Kew Gardens, Long Island, N. Y. But the rest of his wardrobe is frankly Pan-Americana. Next week: John T. Flynn.

FOR the benefit of those readers who jump on us for not printing their stuff we have just rejected two pieces and don't care who knows it. One was New Fresh Water Mollusks of North Asia; the other, Lethal Response of the Alga Chlorella Vulgaris to Ultra-violet Rays.

MR. IRA J. SONNENBLICK of Hamden, Connecticut, got to thinking the other day when he happened to see a sign: "First Anniversary Dance of the Veterans of the Civilian Conservation Corps." Thought he: "What a great opportunity for our political noblemen to take up the cudgels (cut by the CCC) for those who gave their all in the fight for the freedom of the forests."

AND Dr. Harry Cannon of San Diego, California, defies us to name the authority by which we wrote in a recent editorial that "We need the most honest representation." Dr. Cannon wants to know how we may justify modifying the word honest with the word most.

WE WRITE by ear.

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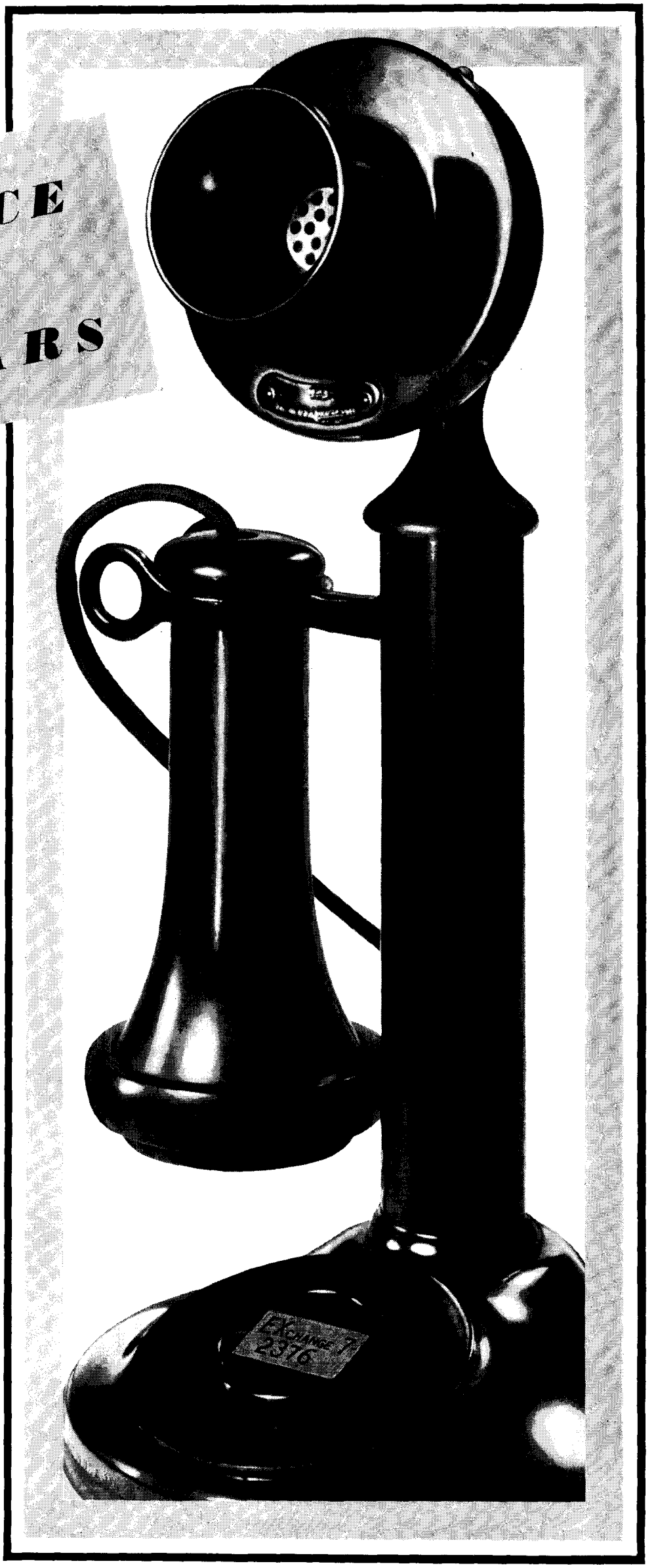
GOOD SERVICE THROUGH TRYING YEARS



THROUGH recent trying years there has been no letting down in the quality of your Bell telephone service. On the contrary, improvement has gone steadily on.

On long distance and toll calls, the percentage of calls completed is now higher than ever before. The average time required for making these connections has been reduced from 2.8 minutes in 1929 to 1.5 minutes. Since 1929, mistakes by operators have been reduced one-third and more than 99% of all telephone calls are now handled without error.

The number of service complaints by customers is now the lowest on record and reports of trouble with instruments have decreased 17% since 1929. It is truer than ever that this country enjoys the best telephone service in the world.

The ability of the telephone system to improve its service in difficult years is due to unified management and a plan of operation that has been developed and perfected over the past half-century. In good times and bad, it has proved the wisdom of one policy, one system and universal service.

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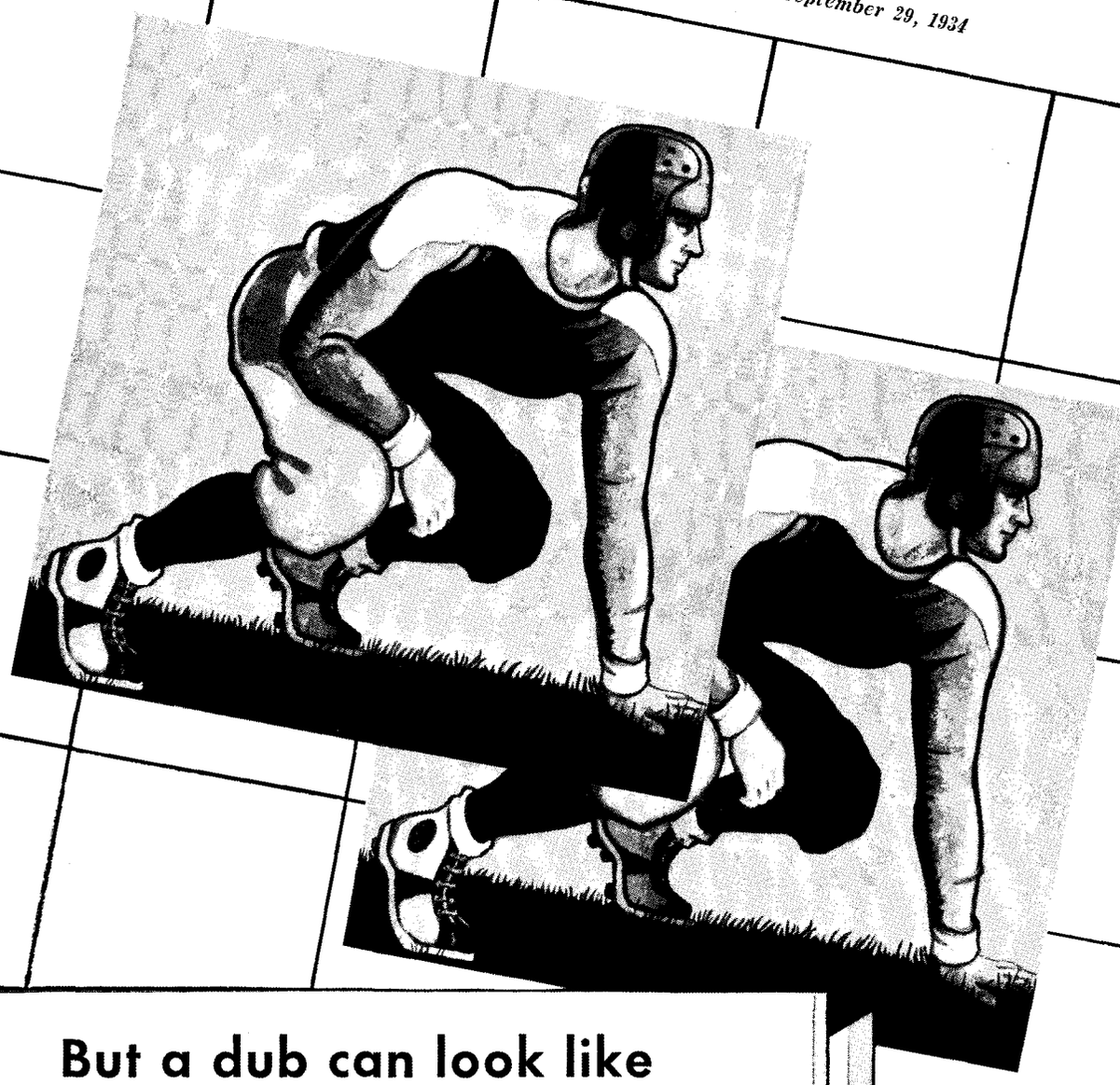
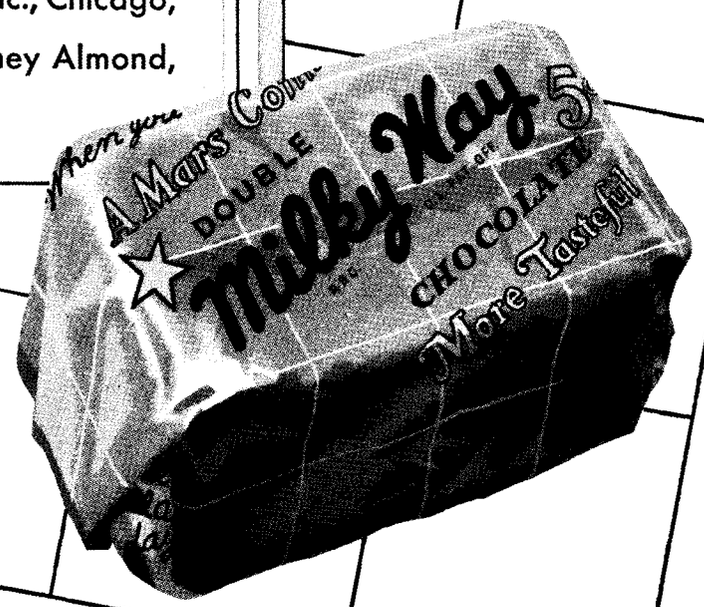


But a dub can look like a star

The wrapping doesn't always indicate what's inside the package, even on the gridiron. » » » Milky Way may look something like other candy bars. But, oh, the difference! Milky Way leads the world in sales because of its intrinsic superiority. Quality put it in first place, and quality keeps it there. "It is one of the most wonderfully made commodities in the world today," says an expert. Its fine ingredients are scientifically blended in a sun-flooded factory which is far-famed as a model of laboratory cleanliness and modern efficiency. Under the same ideal conditions, Mars, Inc., Chicago, also make Snickers, The Three Musketeers, Honey Almond, Toasted Almond Slices, Two Bits, and Thrills.



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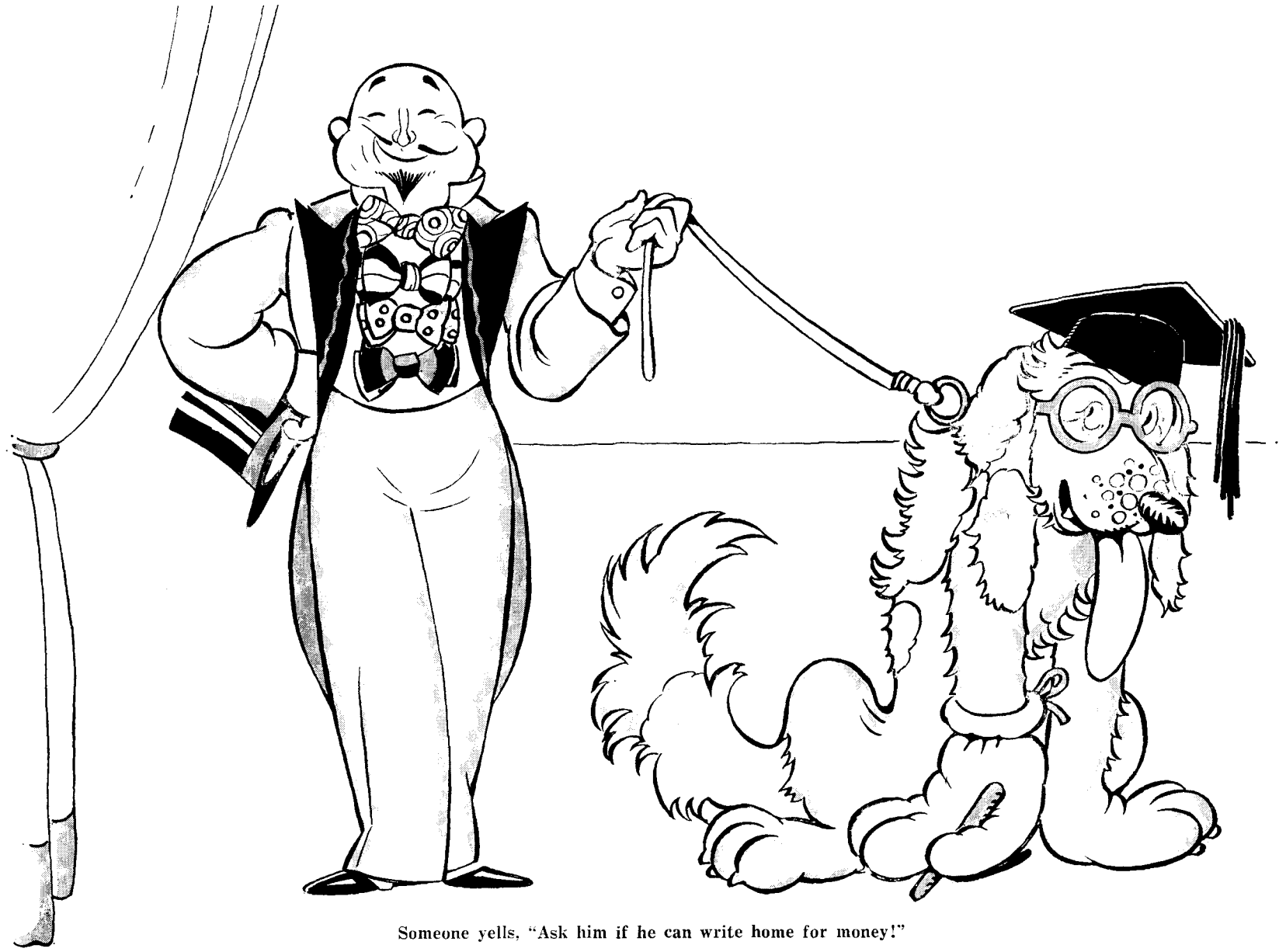

Someone yells, "Ask him if he can write home for money!"

The Writing Dog

By Arthur "Bugs" Baer

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALT DISNEY STUDIOS

Torcho and his mind-reading act were getting along splendidly until a dog began to write him notes. Then things went completely to pieces. Why, we can't say—unless it was jealousy

I DON'T know anything about Ming pottery or Blue Delft china. But I know a crackpot when I see one. Oldtime show business was full of them. Trouble with an actor's head is that it gets baked by the spotlight. Operate on his skull and you'd get a nice dish of scrambled eggs. Even the nice ones are a bit screwy. And the crooked ones like Torcho ain't to be trusted any farther than a pug-nosed man can sneeze. He was vermin if there ever was one. And there was one. It was Torcho. He wouldn't have any trouble at all sleeping in a fine-tooth comb. Torcho's in this story because he was jealous of a dog.

The dog could write and Torcho couldn't. So he kicked the dog and a thousand dogs started writing.

It goes back to the days when Albert Chevalier was singing about his Old Dutch and Nat Wills was figuring on dressing up his act by putting a rhinestone in his putty nose. That was long before talent consisted of getting your name on a bass drum and singing through your adenoids. The only double dame act around in those days was the Cherry Sisters, who gargled sour ballads in back of a net. That act would have smelled in cellophane.

Mystera's mind-reading act was the biggest thing in New York except the Palisades, and they're in New Jersey. She was in her tenth straight week at the Victoria and was knocking them over like a boy playing war with tin soldiers. It looked like she would go ten more. That made life a breeze to Torcho, who was doing straight for her in the aisles *and* handling her pay check. That didn't stop him from a little opposition flirting on the side. He had just about reached that stage when his breakfast consisted of coffee and a slap in the face from the waitress. In fact, he had just got both and we were walking south on Broadway toward Forty-two when he stops picking his teeth and grabs me by the arm. His eyes are popping like bonbons at a birthday party. He's pointing at the marquee on the Victoria.

"Lookit," he says in a gaspy tenor. "Lookit."

So I lookit. Mystera's name has been up there so long that I'm surprised to see another one alongside her. I can't make it out but I figure the other headliner must be Jim Corbett or Eva Tanguay. And when you share billing with them you ain't slipping. You're still tops.

"Who's Ching?" he asks. I thought Torcho had gone nuts. When I look at him his eyebrows are acting like fright wigs.

"Ching must be Ching Ling Foo," I told him. "He's a great Chinese magician. Say, he splits billing with the Battle of Manila. There ain't nothing to blow up in your lines about. Mystera has just knocked off ten of the fattest weeks on the loop. When Hammerstein keeps 'em that long that means she's drawing better than a mustard plaster on a boil."

I tried to smooth him off a bit but it was no dice. His mind is on the southwestern corner of nowhere.

"An educated dog!" he yelps and sounds just like one.

By that time I'm close enough to the marquee to memorize the lines myself. Yep, it says Ching is a college mutt. And he is so far along in his studies that Oscar has split Mystera's billing right down the back. In smaller letters it says that Ching has astounded the learned minds of the Old World and is about to dent some intellectual hats in the New.

Torcho cops a quick sneak in the lobby and there's Ching's picture about ten feet high. He's some kind of mongrel and shaggier than pipe tobacco. He's wearing spectacles on his snozzle, a square college hat and is looking at a blackboard with writing on it. He's got a piece of chalk in his paw. And, if that ain't enough to sink your navy, underneath the picture it says, "Ching, the *dog* that *writes*."

The picture is so tall we can see it over the heads of about twenty people who are looking at it. There is also a picture of Mystera on display but it

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might as well be a quarantine sign. An acrobat out of work ain't even giving it a tumble.

"They can't do that to me!" Torcho yammers and lights out the front door and around the back to the stage entrance. I tail him like a mail order detective. I'd heard of dogs who barked, dogs who bit and dogs who growled. But I never had heard of one who wrote and I wanted to see him.

Torcho crashed through the stage door and runs smack into Mike Simmons, who is going out to get a stage manager's lunch which consists of six big glasses of dirty, black beer with the handles all pointing toward him.

"Take it easy," laughed Mike. "You got plenty of time."

"I won't go on," Torcho bellowed. "I won't go on."

"You don't have to." Mike spoke kind of low. He was a quiet fellow. "You have two hours yet."

"I won't go on then," yells Torcho. "I cancel. I'm pulling out. We're packing in."

Well, Mike brushes his feathers the same way as the fan is waving and gets the story out of him. Mystera refuses to co-star with a dog. Mike has handled actors for forty years and when he oils them he makes grease-cups out of their ears. He gets Torcho cooled down to a slow simmer by promising to take it up with Oscar and then goes out to his imported malt shower bath. Torcho decided to go back to his hotel and buzz Mystera about the keen canine competition. I hung around the stage door figuring that Ching would be along early.

I AIN'T borrowed more than two cigarettes from the stage doorman when the mutt comes along. I spot him from his picture in the lobby, which don't do him justice. He looks something like a police dog before the force was organized. He's got more hair all over him than a busted sofa and he's got feet that look like two pairs of Bert Williams' shoes. I found out later what those big paws were for.

He is either leading or being led by a dapper-looking bird who must be a Frenchman, so I figure. He is better dressed than the dog, about five foot three, and looks to weigh about sixty pounds and a soda cracker. Now, I know no dog can write, so when the Frenchman gets dead center I point to the quadrupoodle and asks, "Ching?"

"Cheeng," he said. "Eet is Cheeng. Is thees Veectoria?"

"Stage entrance," I told him. "Do you mind if I ask Ching for his autograph?"

Well, he busted into a big laugh and says, "Eet is trey dangeroo to ask Cheeng for hees autograph. Een hees language that is bite."

I see the fellow has a sense of humor. And I'm on pretty good terms with the French, never having met any of them before. So, when he asks where to find Hammerstein, I steered him to the right elevator in front of the house. Then I hustled out to find Mike before he downed his sixth beer, knowing that he always buys on the fifth. I told him the writing dog had arrived but canceled, having sprained his wrist on a post-office pen. Mike bought an extra one on that and, grabbing my arm, we took a double-breasted walk back to the Victoria.

Both Mystera and Torcho are waiting for us in the Victoria stage alley and Torcho grabs Mike by the lapels and does the giant swing. They apparently talked over the money angle in the hotel and realized it would be a sucker play to walk out on a big salary check just because a mutt could write. But Torcho, who was the front man for the combination, insisted on top billing. Mike promised to take it up with Hammerstein with sincere bubbles in his voice. By this time you probably realize that Mike was the greatest diplomat who ever postponed the finish of a war.

THERE was nothing Mike wouldn't do for you. And nothing he could. At that time Oscar the Maestro was busy running the Victoria, building the Manhattan Opera House and inventing a cigar-making machine, all at once. He talked to nobody. Once, a ventriloquist threw his voice over Oscar's transom. The next day Oscar plugged up the keyhole because he heard a fly buzzing in the next room. However, Mike would promise a performer anything for nothing that a gypsy fortune teller would charge you for.

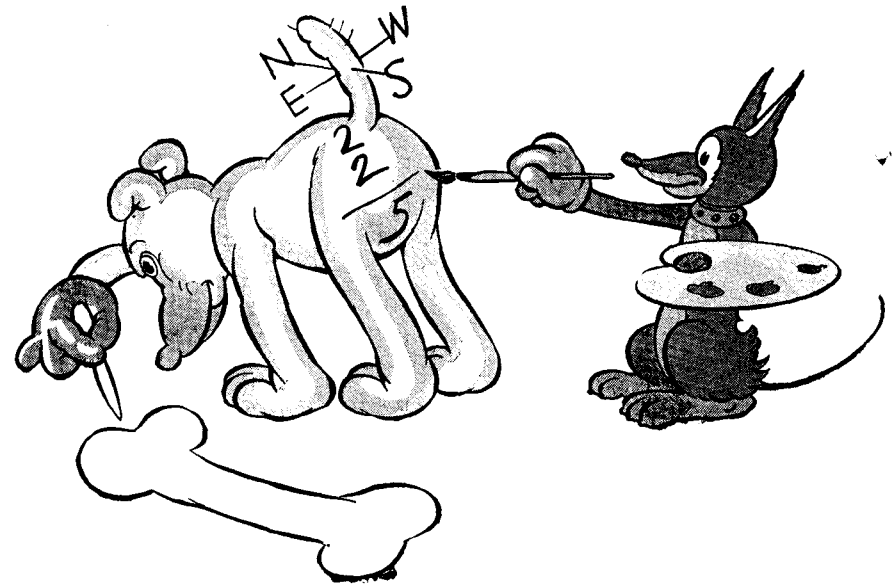
Mystera is feeling pretty good by the time Mike gets through plastering her with hokum and happy days. He promises her that Ching's billing is going to be so small that the dog will think one of his own fleas wrote it.

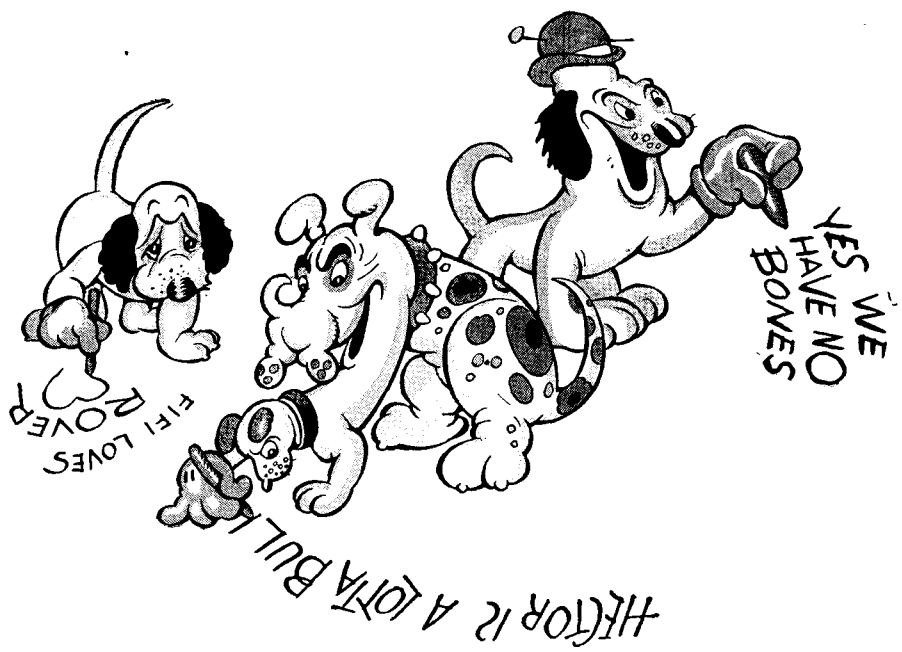
So, she goes on that matinée and lays an egg that would make an ostrich cackle. Frenchy must be a good showman for he had primed the house with newspaper-men, booking agents and college professors. The audience is so intelligent and hard-boiled that it senses Mystera's mind reading is a bit screwy even if it can't lay the finger on the gag. I learned later that Frenchy had given a private demonstration of bow-wow Spencerian to an invited audience of a hundred prominent New Yorkers and turned them over on their backs and left 'em gasping.

Not that Mystera shouldn't have scored anywhere and anytime. She had a great routine, but she had played the Victoria ten straight weeks and New York likes its sensations fresh baked. Naturally, when Torcho walks off the stage he is sorer than the monkey who kissed the porcupine. It's their first egg since Mystera has been in show business. There ain't a chance for Mystera to milk the audience with bows, for the only thing that sounds like applause is a bird biting peanuts in the gallery. Just when her act is blacking out I hear a sound in back of me that sounds like a soft-shoe dancer hitting the sand. It's Ching picking up his big paws and slapping them down. Frenchy is holding him by the collar. I figure that Frenchy is waiting for the house electrician to hit the entrance with a white spot for the opening. But he proves he knows his build-ups when the house lights go on and a tall fellow in evening clothes walks out from the other side and lays down a medicine spiel about Ching, the writing dog.

WHILE he is talking four stage hands push on a big blackboard about six feet high and ten long. From the wings I can see that it is about two feet thick, which don't mean anything to me. When an act has a prop like that it often builds it up into a sort of crate for holding other props. It makes a good trunk when jumping from date to date.

The build-up gets a hand and the shillaber walks off to a chord that brings Frenchy and Ching on. I'm not going to unload Frenchy's dialect on you but he has an agreeable way of putting his stuff over. He sounds something like Anna Held ordering a milk bath with cream. He tells about Ching looping them in Europe and how he exhibits at all the colleges there. The Old World admits Ching is the wonder pup. Then Frenchy explains that Ching will write anything the audience will ask him while Frenchy will stand far away from him or leave the stage if the audience desires. Then he pulls out something from his pocket which he shows and says is a leather glove. No dog can hold a piece of chalk in his paw so he





Well, if you look up the old newspaper files you will see that something strange happened in New York about that time. Valuable pets started to disappear, especially if they had big paws. Every one of them was named Ching

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straps the glove over Ching's paw and pulls it tight. He furthermore explains there is a leather grip in the glove which holds the chalk firmly. Anybody can examine it if they so please.

Ching is looking around while all this is going on. I will say Frenchy works smooth. All this business doesn't take him a minute. He knows stage-waits are poison. Then he asks the audience to call out names, questions or whatever they want. He gets a lot of suggestions, most of which are wise-cracks from the booking agents.

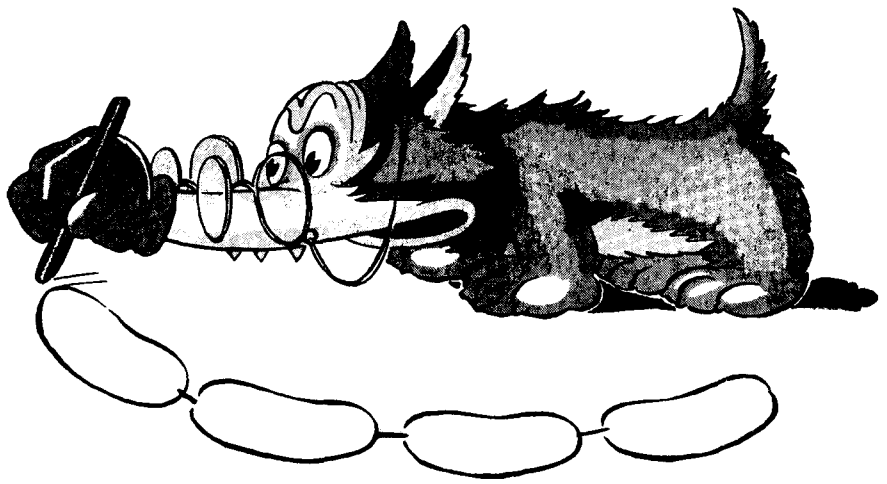
So Frenchy holds up his hand for silence and pleads, "Wan at a time."

Somebody yells, "Ask him if he can write home for money."

Ching spreads an ear and Frenchy says to him, "Deed you hear that, Cheeng? Can you write to papa for money?"

Well, you can twist me for a circular staircase if that hound doesn't walk to the blackboard, stand up on his hind strides and write, "Dear Dad, please dig up ten bones," in letters almost a foot high.

There's a roar of laughter that would rock a boat in dry dock. Ching seems to enjoy it, for he jumps all over the stage barking and taking bows. When the audience realizes that the dog has written an answer to something he heard they know it is no plant. You might teach him to write a set of words and that would be tough. But, here's a dog that ad libs. When the crowd gets through laughing it starts applauding and the smart booking agent who asked the question is leading the clapping.



THEY fire gags at Ching from all over. He answers them all and most of the answers are good for big abdominal laughs. Then he goes in for arithmetic. Finally, he writes in French and translates it in German and from there into English. They're on there for fifty minutes until the Frenchman pleads for mercy, if not for himself, then for what the world is pleased to call a dumb animal. He has a way of talking that clicks big with the mob. Torcho must have heard the riot from his dressing-room for he starts elbowing me in the wings. I ain't thinking he is so worked up but when Frenchy comes off after his last bow Torcho hauls back and kicks Ching in the ribs. Ching yelps and goes back on the stage for more applause and Frenchy leaps on Torcho, who clips him on the chin. Then I smack Torcho a pip on the kisser and we all go down. Ching comes back, smells out Frenchy, and bites me on the leg, although I ain't asked for his autograph.

He pulls me out of the scramble and then goes after Torcho. He grabs Torcho by the pants and pulls him off Frenchy. Then Mike takes a hand in time to grab Frenchy, who is after Torcho with a knife but no fork. Frenchy is screaming, "He keek Cheeng! I keel heem!"

Frenchy loves that dog and we pack him into his dressing-room sobbing and heaving like a low-note accordion. I stay in there with him, and Ching, who nipped me accidentally. He only wanted to tear my pants. I forgot to say that I'm closing the show but didn't have to work that matinée when Ching goes about thirty-five minutes overtime. He could have stayed out there long enough to close an all-night restaurant. And I never squawk when an act scores big if it has the stuff and is using its own material. Mike comes in and oils Frenchy down, but I can see by his shoe-button eyes that Torcho can't kick his dog and beat the rap.

People begin banging on the door. It's a road company of reporters, professors and photographers. They take pictures of Ching in every shape and form except posing as a string of frankfurters. Frenchy has his glove off by then and he shakes hands all around. Frenchy seems very careful of that glove but passes it around by request. It's soft leather, as he said. He puts it on Ching again and he poses with the chalk. Then they go out on the stage and take pictures of his writing. The story breaks big next morning in every paper. It goes on the wires. Ching is the biggest thing on the circuit. Hammerstein forgets his cigar-making machine and watches him from a spot in the top balcony. Ching takes it modestly but tries to get at Torcho every chance he gets.

SAY, Doraldina, Princess Rajah, Houdini, the Leaping Mosconis and Lafayette's Lions never scored like Ching. Not even Bessie Clayton topped him. And Bessie played the Palace twenty-six weeks in one season. He was Alice Lloyd, Albert Chevalier and Marshall P. Wilder all rolled into one shaggy hide. Interviews were printed with college professors and one paper got the famous Carvalho, the handwriting expert, to analyze the writing. If you remember him about twenty-five years ago, you will recall he settled that English will case that had been going on for centuries. His testimony sent Mallinux to the chair and they say his pay check was ten grand a case. Well, Hammerstein came out of his shell and starts taking bows too. He was the smartest bird in show business on freak acts. He put his publicity staff on Ching and forgot everybody else. Torcho was wise and asked for a spot closing the first half where Mystera clicked pretty good. There wasn't much second half but Ching.

They have to call out the cops to keep the crowds from breaking in the doors. That was more pictures. When Carvalho's write-up was published it was like thunder and lightning whacking a bass drum. There was no use of me making up, for Ching closed the bill. Mike saw to it that I got paid just the same.

And on the third day, which was Wednesday, something happened that slapped an old blue sunbonnet on the climax. It was a real topper. Torcho comes running out of his dressing-room about thirty minutes before the matinée and falls down in the stage alley where Mike and me are smoking Mike's cigarettes. He lays there quivering and blubbering. We pick him up, dust him off, and try to organize him. His face is as white as the tip of a deer's tail. His eyes are popped out like squeezed grapes.

We try to find out what's wrong but he's too far gone for a routine. All he can do is point at the building and blubber, "The door. Door. The door!"

Well, I've seen all kinds of doors, revolving, folding, sliding and swinging, and I love them all, especially the swinging. We start to help him back but he puts up a fight and whispers, "The door!"

There ain't anything on the door that I can see except a sign, "No Admittance Except on Business." And, as everybody has a business, that sign stops nobody. We finally manage to get Torcho just inside and prop him up in a chair. He keeps pointing and manages to gulp, "Dressing-room door."

I GO back to his dressing-room. I want to see the door that frightens people. Well, I take a look and my hair feels like the devil is giving it a finger wave with his tail.

On Mystera's door there's writing. It reads, "No man can kick me and live. Ching."

I know Ching's paw flourishes. It's his. I go out after Mike and he grabs me just as I tumble. Now he is holding Torcho on the chair and me in his arms. No mammy in a Dixie cabin was ever more loving and tender.

He asks what is wrong and I blubber, "Door!" But I gave Mike a better break than Torcho gave me. I pointed in the wrong direction.

Nevertheless, Mike drops us both, taking care that I'm on top. He walks back sober and comes out again staggering and shaking like a runaway wagon. He falls on us and we all sing the door chorus from the Grand Rapids furniture factories.

That's where Benny Glick, the prize press agent of the Hammerstein staff, finds us, hears us and wants to know whether the door fell on us or whether it wouldn't open.

All we can say is, "Door."

Benny follows Mike's rubbery finger. A minute later we expect to hear his body drop. Instead of that, he lets out a whoop, comes running and leaps over us and off he goes. By and by Mike and me get up and recover enough to lean on each other. Torcho is still down and we prop him in the chair again. Then Benny shows up again. He's dragging Oscar the Maestro by the hand. By this time, of course, Oscar will see anybody who can say "Ching" over the phone. You can even get in to see the great man by barking in his reception room.

WHEN they come back, Benny is as happy as a hornet with two stingers but Oscar is sort of subdued. He's got a wrinkle between his eyes that would hold a day's rain and his chin strap is working north and south. Torcho manages to come around a little and starts to stand up when Frenchy and Ching come in. The dog makes a pass at Torcho but Frenchy yanks him away. Mike and Torcho light out from there, and Benny disappears. I square myself with Ching by tipping my hat to him. They keep on backstage together.

I'm standing there when Benny breaks in, followed by a cop, who grabs me. Another cop is on his heels and grabs Benny. A third cop shows up with nobody to grab, so he grabs the second cop. Then a mob of reporters and photographers gallop up like moose on a plank road and holler, "The door!"

The cops get out their blackjacks and guns and say, "The door." If it puts up a fight they will shoot its hinges off.

Mike gets up enough courage to come back to lead the way. Then we hear

(Continued on page 45)

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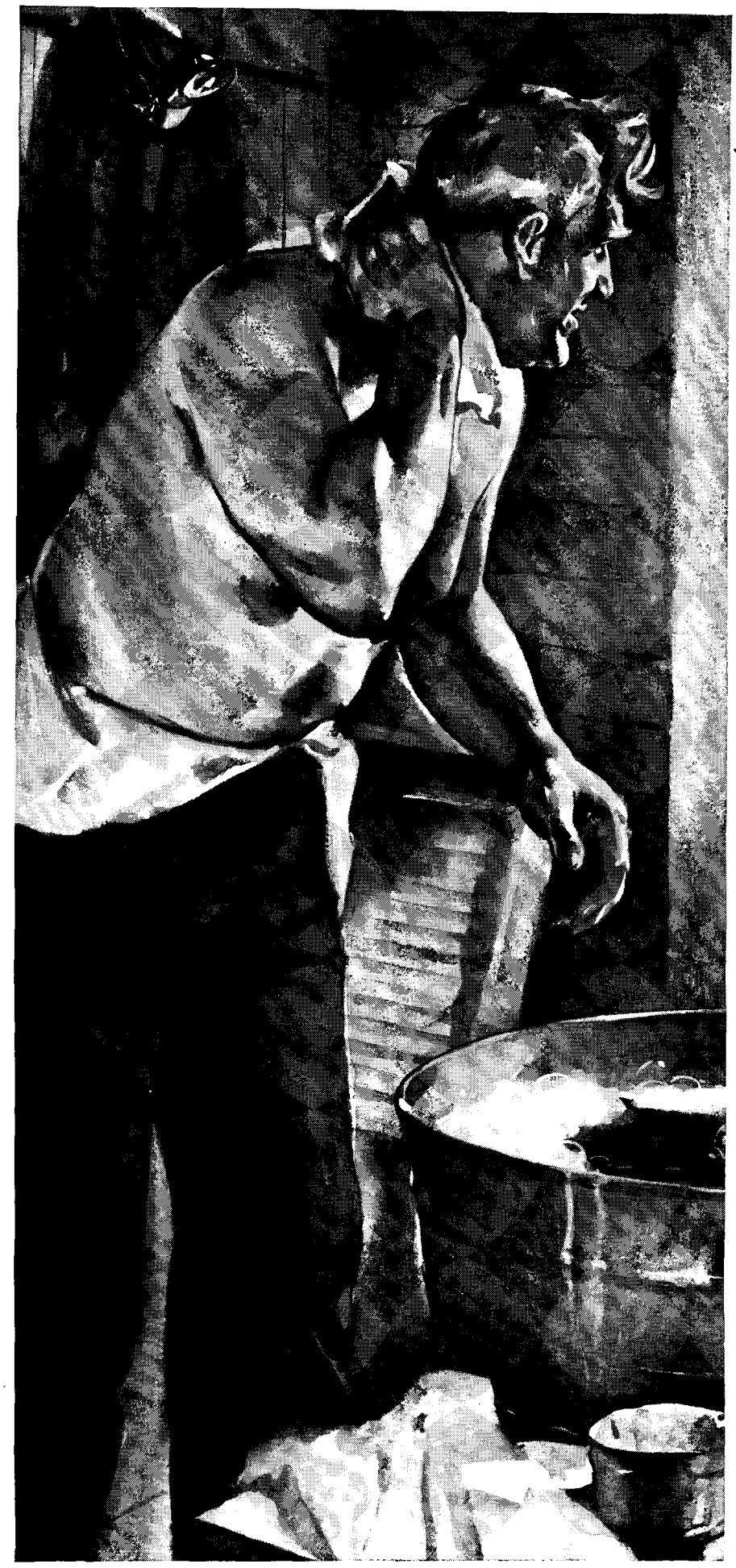
The Backsliders

By Grover Jones

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

Mr. Clinton Van Deeger, of New York, and Crim Seely's daughter were engaged. The society editors thought that was a great story. We submit that this is a greater one



"YOU askin' me if I know Crim Seely?" Broogy Kile took a half-hitch on his mug of lager and eyed the stranger through the bead. "I'll say I do! He's the most worthless pup in town."

"Maybe I didn't make myself clear," said the stranger. "I meant Mr. Seely, the wealthy coal operator."

"That's him," replied Broogy, wiping the foam out of his beard. "Crim's his first name. Owns a string o' mines clear acrost the county an' won't go down in any of 'em for fear one o' his diggers'll bounce a water box off'n his skull."

"Nice man," said the stranger. "I'm from the Terre Haute Tribune and I'm out here covering the story about his daughter's marriage. Know anything about that?"

"Yeh. She's hookin' up with some pasty-faced punk from New York—what's his name?"

"Clinton Van Deeger. Comes from one of the finest families in the East."

"He'll go back to one o' the finest families in the East, too," grunted Broogy, "an' he'll go back plenty fast when he gets a load o' Camelia's ol' man."

"Where'd she meet him—here?"

"Nope—up in Chicago, while she was goin' to school. Say, I've known Crim ever since he was no bigger'n a can o' lard oil—an' he's no good."

"Camelia, you said her name was?"

"Yes—Camelia. Named after her mother. Know what they had to do with Crim when he was a kid? Make his didies out o' poison ivy vines just to keep him occupied. That's how ornery he was."

THE newspaper-man laughed.

"Well, he's a big shot now—at least, society thinks so, anyway."

"Sassiety!" Broogy snorted derisively. "Say, he was born in a red-flannel undershirt an' he's still wearin' it. He ain't got no more right in sassiety than a preacher has drivin' a mine mule. His pa had the right idea about him when he was a kid—but it didn't work out."

"How was that?"

"Tried to drownd him twice but each time he come up with a mess of catfish. Lord, he had hands as big as that." Broogy indicated the width of the bar. "His ma had to sew buttons on his sleeves all the way up to the shoulders so he could get his coat on. Know what he'd do when she wasn't lookin'? Swell up his muscles an' shoot them buttons through the crayon portraits o' his fam'ly. Just for orn'riness. Anything bad, he'd do well. He could sail a tomcat through a transom from a sittin' position but clean fun like that didn't interest him. He'd rather waddle around the house knockin' holes in the walls with a pair o' his pa's pit shoes. Got so bad they had to paper the house once a week to keep the sun out o' their eyes. And the day his ma was buried, he hooked a ride on the hearse an' filled it full o' stolen watermelons on the way back. I remember one time down in Dennison—"

"Awfully sorry," interrupted the newspaper-man, looking at his watch. "Like to hear more but I got a date with Seely at three. I don't believe I caught your name."

"Kile—Broogy Kile."

"ANY relation to the Kile of the Seely-Kile Coal Company?"

"Yeh—I'm him."

"Oh, I see." The newspaper-man laughed good-naturedly. "Just ribbing me, eh?"

"Not by a jugful!" Broogy flushed angrily; he turned to the bartender. "Am I, Mouse?"

"Nope!" replied the bartender, picking up the empty mugs.

"What I say Crim is?"

"Polecat an' a horse thief."

"Cheat his own gran'ma, wouldn't he?"

"Already has."

"There you are!" The triumphant Broogy swung around to face the newspaper-man once more but the latter was gone. Broogy eyed the swinging doors sadly as they settled down for a moment of much-needed rest.

"They all like that?" he asked, looking back over his shoulder at the bartender.

"Never saw a newspaper-man like him before," grinned the bartender. "He paid for his drink."

"Didn't act like he believed me."

"You don't believe yourself."

"Oh, I don't, huh?" Broogy growled as he turned and leaned threateningly on the bar. "Well, a lot you know! . . . That snag-toothed ol' jackass thinks he's too good for common people."

"What common people?"

"Us—you an' me—people in town."

"Aw, horseflies! . . . How 'bout one on the house?"

The Seely-Kile Coal Company had so many mines one tipple couldn't cast an afternoon shadow without touching the other. They looked like prehistoric sloths standing there, writing the word "prosperity" across the valley with the steam of their nostrils. They were bound together by the steel of railroad tracks and the loyalty of hundreds of men who worked down in the pits. For Crim Seely and Broogy Kile had the unusual knack of getting rich without breaking the miners' backs or starving their wives and kids.

CRIM was the brains of the outfit. Broogy had been born with his thumbs sewed to his ideas and never quite got around to pulling the threads. But he had something that Crim lacked: the natural ability to talk the workers' language. Crim had it once but lost it. His daughter was responsible for that.

Twenty-one years before, the two men rolled into town on a Vandalia freight train. Nobody knew where they came from and nobody cared. They had union cards and that's the open sesame in any mining camp. They worked together, lived together and, on pay nights, fought together. But they never fought each other.

They were an odd pair. Nature had built Broogy awkwardly close to the ground and given him the indefinite, shaggy lines of a brown bear in a beehive. His shoulders were so broad he could duck his head and carry three

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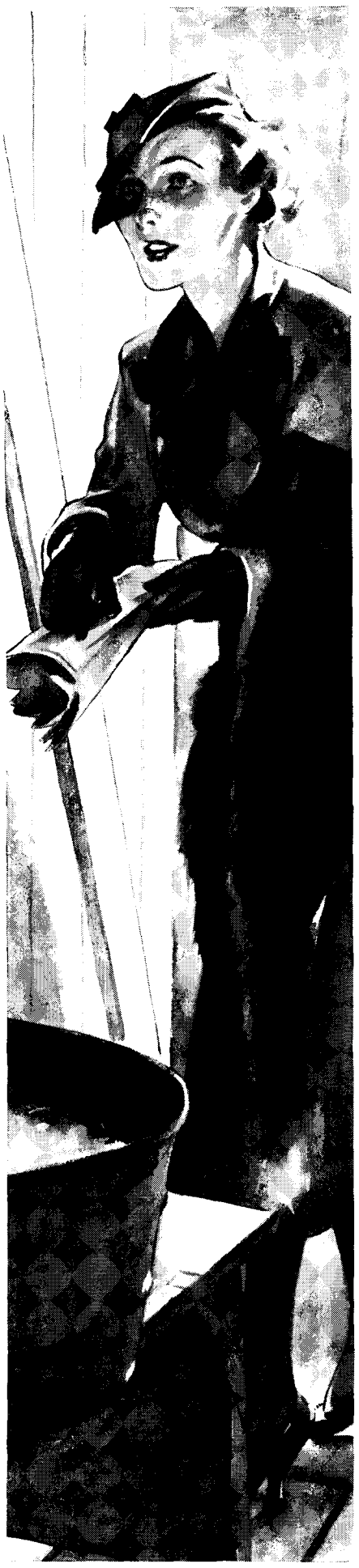

She found him singing as he bent over the tub of sudsy water. "Father, this is disgraceful!" she said. Crim smiled. "Disgraceful? What?"

eight-gallon beer kegs without having them touch. Crim couldn't do exactly that but he could stretch the same three kegs on either arm and still have enough room for a couple of river-bottom squash. He ran to vertical lines instead of horizontal and his lowest punch would scalp the average miner. Broogy always made him wear his tie-pin in his belt buckle so it would feel like he was talking to somebody.

The first year they lived in a remodeled hog shed out on Tri Dunninger's farm. Tri had sixty acres, a bad case of asthma and a daughter by the name of Camelia. All three were in dire need of attention. Neither man knew anything about women but Crim had a remedy for asthma and Broogy had once worked on a farm out of Logansport. Their combined knowledge made it possible for Tri to give them free rent without suffering from night sweats thinking about it.

One day Broogy was plowing a piece of ground down around a finger of water that Tri called the Amazon. Like any miner, he got to thinking about what the coal operators did to them in '94, and it made him so mad he had to light a pit lamp to find his way out of the last furrow. When he did come up there was a two-inch layer of black diamonds stuck to his plow. He took one look at it, then vaulted over three fences and landed in the hog shed where Crim was stirring up a batch of burdock and early summer mushrooms.

In five minutes the two men knew they had discovered an outcropping of coal that could be mined cheaply and sold to the wagon trade. So they let Tri in on the secret and Crim made a deal with him for the rights. Broogy never knew the details of the transaction and he never bothered to ask. Anything his partner did was all right with him.

THAT was the first slope bank in the county. Crim and Broogy started with a shovel, two picks and a week's supply of chewing tobacco. By the second summer they had enough money to sink a shaft. When that was done the railroad company laid a switch to the mine and fifty miners went to work.

For some strange reason, Crim wanted to call the mine the Camelia Number One. Broogy didn't mind. As a matter of fact, he rather liked the idea. It was a nice gesture to Tri's daughter—a flat-chested, colorless kid who blushed on most occasions and giggled on all. Broogy didn't like women but he sort of figured that she never was one; always reminded him of an animated ironing board.

The Camelia Number Two followed, then the Camelia Number Three. Money poured in so fast that Broogy gave up drinking; there was no fun in rushing the can with a ten-dollar bill. Besides, he was beginning to worry. Crim worried him. He wasn't eating properly.

They were living now up on Gobbler's Knob—a three-room house with dandelions in the front yard and a smokehouse hollowed out of a tree trunk. Crim always came in a couple of hours late and maybe he'd eat his mulligan and maybe he wouldn't. But he always wanted to talk business—how much mine-run they could dump for the railroad, how much slack to the paper mills and what part of their output should be screened for market coal.

Broogy knew that nobody could talk business over a pot of mulligan unless there was something wrong with him. Mulligan's not that kind of food. It sets a mood and is willing to improve with anything you put in it but it'll sour on the palate of anybody who violates its social rights.

CRIM finally gave up chewing tobacco for cigars—and that was a bad sign. Miners who smoked cigars always told dirty stories about women, and Broogy didn't like that sort of thing. He watched his partner closely, intending to crack him with the mulligan pot the first time he opened his mouth about a traveling salesman. But Crim didn't. He had something else on his mind.

They were sitting on the front porch of their shack, one late afternoon, talking about sinking another shaft on the old Canderly property. Occasionally they were interrupted by the harsh shriek of mine whistles, informing the workers that the switches were full of empty cars and there was plenty of work on the morrow.

"We been together a long time now, ain't we, Broogy?" Crim eyed his squatting partner over his cigar. The latter grunted. "Done big things, too. Them's big things," said Crim, indicating the tipples in the valley with a jerk of his thumb. "Makes me feel kind o' good when I think how we started with nothin'—just nothin'. Make you feel that way?"

"Ain't give it a thought," replied Broogy, clouding the crowning glory of a dandelion clump with a stream of tobacco juice. "But now that you mention it—well, yes, I guess it is kind o' nice."

"We got a hundred thousand dollars in the bank."

"Have, huh?"

"Apiece, I mean."

"Lots o' money."

"Sure is, Broogy." Crim lapsed into momentary silence. Then he stirred uneasily. "We ain't young no more, you know that?"

"Well, we ain't as young as we was."

"That's what I mean. Ain't never goin' to be neither."

"I don't care! I ain't got nothin' to live over for."

"Me neither, but we got 'o figure out who we goin' 'o leave this money to; we got 'o figure that out."

"If we die, you mean?" Crim nodded and Broogy chuckled down in his throat. "Well, hell, that don't take no figurin'. We die, what do we care who gits it?"

"Ain't right, Broogy—ain't right. We got 'o care. We got 'o find somebody. We got 'o get married, maybe."

"Us get married? G'wan!" Broogy threw back his head and roared with laughter. Crim puffed nervously on his cigar, hiding a growing embarrassment behind a cloud of smoke. "We do a thing like that we ought 'o be shot."

"I got to, Broogy."

"Huh?" The active cud of tobacco in Broogy's left cheek suddenly ceased its activities as the amazed eyes of its owner tried to penetrate the milky haze of smoke. "What you talkin' about?"

"I promised," came Crim's weak voice from behind the veil of smoke.

"Promised who what?"

"Tri Dunninger." Sudden courage brought Crim to his feet. "How you think we got this land?"

"He gets profits, don't he?"

"Not a penny. I offered him half but he wouldn't accept it. Said if I'd take Camelia off'n his hands we could have it for nothin'."

"Camelia!" Broogy fell back against the porch post and stared at his partner agape. "You goin' to marry Camelia?"

Crim waved his hands helplessly. "Do I look like I'm happy?"

Broogy's face hardened.

"I see," he grated. "We don't bach no more together. Me—I stay here alone. You—you marry a botiqued bed slat an' get hair cuts an' things like that. All right, if that's the way it is, that's the way it is." He got to his feet and shuffled down the gravel walk toward the gate.

"Broogy—where you goin'?" Crim called after him, a touch of alarm in his voice. Broogy paused at the gate and glared back.

"I'm goin' to get drunk—plastered. An' if I get my wish, the first kid you have will be a cross-eyed mine mule."

CAMELIA looked rather pretty in her wedding dress.

Broogy didn't attend the wedding. Instead, he bought a dozen bottles of good rye whisky and drank himself under a freeze-out table in Swarty Neegan's saloon. He stayed there for a week. When he came out, Crim was already building a house about a block this side of the lumber yard. Broogy took one look at it and went back under the freeze-out table. Crim made several attempts to straighten him out but it was no go. Finally, they grew so polite to each other the miners began to worry.

The two men, when together, always had been noisier than a flat wheel on a donkey engine.

The miners had sufficient reason for worry. In time, Crim and Broogy ceased talking entirely. Then their bookkeeper, the estimable Miss Hoffman, became the intermediary. An old maid, with only two things in life to talk about—boiled apple dumplings and her brother's trained-seal act with one of the circuses—she was smart enough to keep a straight face and it earned her a bank president's salary. Every day she sat between the two repeating the messages that were intended for each other. In time, she was able to relay swear words without lessening their beauty or the value of their meaning. She rather liked it, too.

In due course, a child was born to the Seelys. It was a girl and they called it Camelia, after the mother. The first thing Camelia did was start to grow—and she grew very fast. Probably because she was in a hurry to find out if Nature was going to play her the same dirty trick it did her parents. But by school age she was able to settle down with a sigh of relief—she was a very beautiful girl.

Crim was proud of her. The closer she drew to womanhood, the larger his fortune became. He sent her clear to Chicago to attend school.

Nobody around town paid much attention to Mrs. Seely until she died.

(Continued on page 46)

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All Washed Up

By Owen P. White

What's our most valuable natural resource? The soil. What are we doing with it? Squandering it as fast as we can. Mark those answers one hundred, and then see what can be done about it before we're all washed up. Collier's sent Owen P. White around the country to get the story. He traveled thousands of miles; saw tremendous sections of our country being irretrievably ruined; watched next year's drought in the making; and observed the government getting ready for action

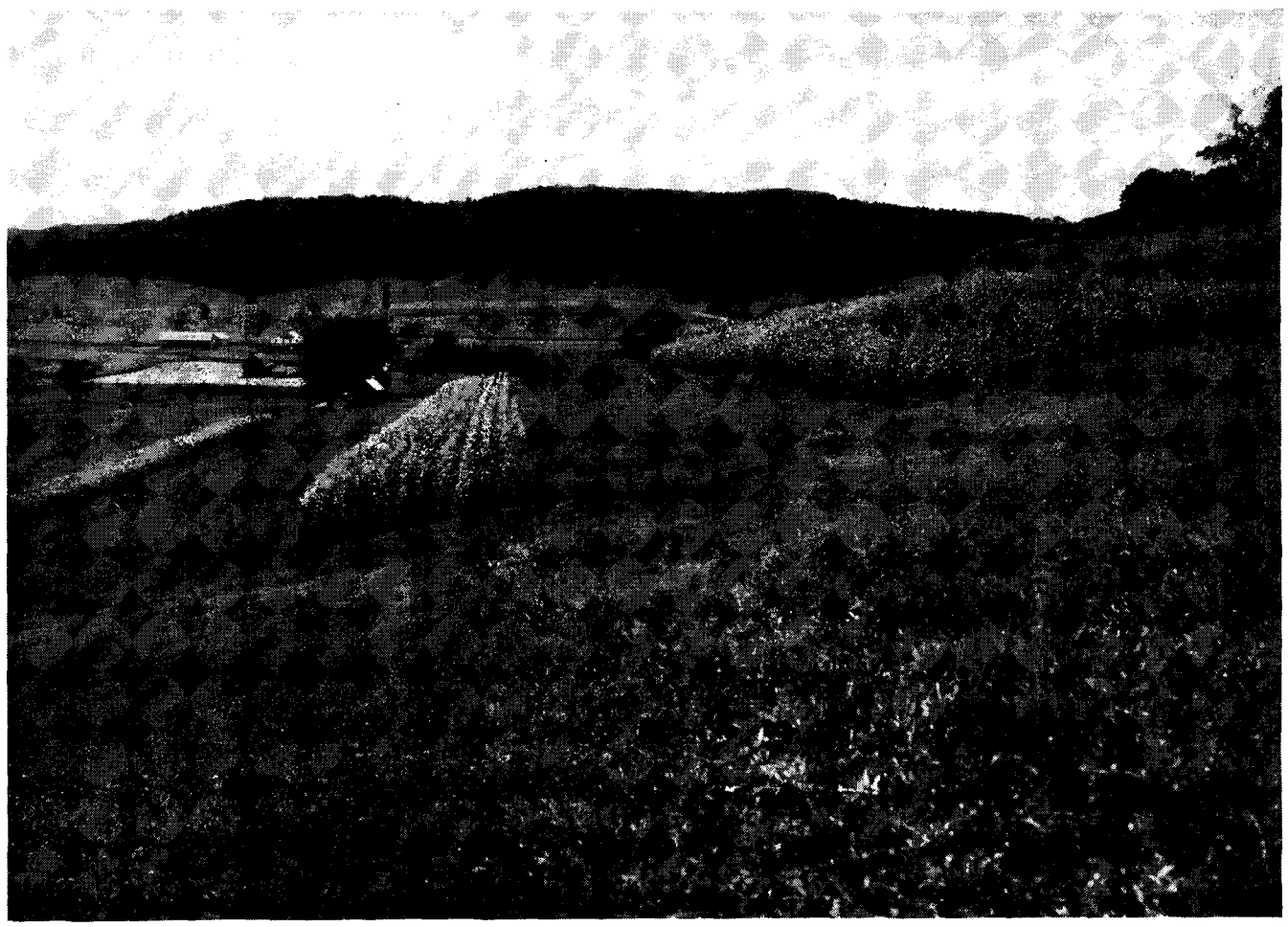
UNCLE SAM'S good earth—his rich topsoil, that is—is the most valuable thing he owns. It always has been. Without it, regardless of all his other possessions, we would have been no better off than the Hottentots or the Chinese. With it we have become the most powerful and the richest and the most arrogant nation on earth. Deplete it or destroy it, and what happens? Even the average farmer himself doesn't know, but here, in case he cares to absorb a bit of information about his own business, are a few facts.

During the past fifty years, wherein we have been trying to feed and furnish the world at a profit, and have believed we were doing it, our farmers, with the aid and connivance of their Department of Agriculture and all their agricultural colleges, have propagated many new plants, invented many new-fangled farming implements, adopted many new methods for making three ears of corn grow where only one wanted to, and every year they have spent many, many millions of dollars for fertilizers. They have done these things in an effort to keep farm production at its natural level *and they have failed.*

Due to a greatly increased planted and sown acreage, they have, to be sure, tremendously increased their gross production but not their per acre production. On the contrary, despite their fertilizers, their fancy implements and their scientific ways, our farmers of today are raising *less* per acre than their fathers were raising fifty years ago. Most of them, however, don't know why this is, and neither—because farmers as a rule are a bull-headed lot—will they let anybody tell them.

Erosion, of course, is the answer. Due to erosion, either by wind or water, all of our farms have lost some of their topsoil, some have lost all of it, and yet when I recently suggested to a man whom I encountered out in his field looking as disconsolate as his corn did, that what was the matter was that his farm was washing away right out from under him, his courteous reply was: "Hell, man, me and my dad have already wore out three good farms and so I reckon there ain't nobody can tell us what to do."

I agree with that fellow. Nobody can tell him anything. Nobody ever could, the result being that within the past seventy-five years he and a few million others just like him have succeeded in putting over the most colossal job of irrevocable waste this world has ever seen.



Hillside erosion can be prevented by sowing a close cover crop between areas of cultivated land

Unrestrained ignorance, or carelessness, if you prefer, conscientiously and continuously applied can work miracles. Here's the proof of it. Within the past sixty to seventy-five years, 35,000,000 acres of good farm land, which is the equivalent of 219,000 farms of 160 acres each, have been permanently ruined. On top of that, 125,000,000 of the 350,000,000 acres now in cultivation in this country are a national liability and not an asset, because, due solely to erosion, what they are producing, in addition to sub-marginal crops, is sub-marginal citizens. Again, another 100,000,000 acres are rapidly going the same route.

These are huge losses. Believe me, they are! The potential value to Americans of the second and third generation from now of the 35,000,000 acres which our farmers have already killed, to say nothing of the 225,000,000 which they are now gouging to death, can never be estimated in dollars and cents. It can, though, be approximated in terms of hunger and human misery if we will but jump our imaginations ahead for a century to the time when almost all of the farm land of this country will be as barren and worthless as the bleak clay areas from which the underfed, underbred, worm-infested Georgia crackers are now trying to scratch a living.

Red Ruin in Georgia

A century ago there was not a ruined acre in Georgia. Look at it today. I've just done so and was amazed at what I saw. I visited one county, for instance, where I went over 125,000 acres on which a goat couldn't even pick a living. Erosion did it. Either because they were ignorant, or shiftless, or perhaps both, the white men who originally cleared this land for cultivation plowed it in such a fashion as to encourage rain water to run downhill. It accepted the invitation with alacrity. With every downpour tons and tons of topsoil were washed off of every acre and nobody paid any attention to it. Or if they did they didn't worry about it.

Why should they? There was plenty of land; it was cheap; if one farm was "wore out" another could be had almost for the clearing of it, and so, with no human hindrance whatever, the erosion process went on until the topsoil was gone and the red-clay subsoil was exposed. That was the end of Stuart County, Georgia, most of which is now so cut up with prodigious gullies that it will never again be of any use to anybody.

These gullies represent total destruction of the land. Less than sixty years ago, for example, the drip from the roof of a barn started a small wash which the owner of the farm was too lazy, or too careless, to stop up. Just think what a wagonload of rock intelligently applied would have done! Today that little wash, known as Prov-

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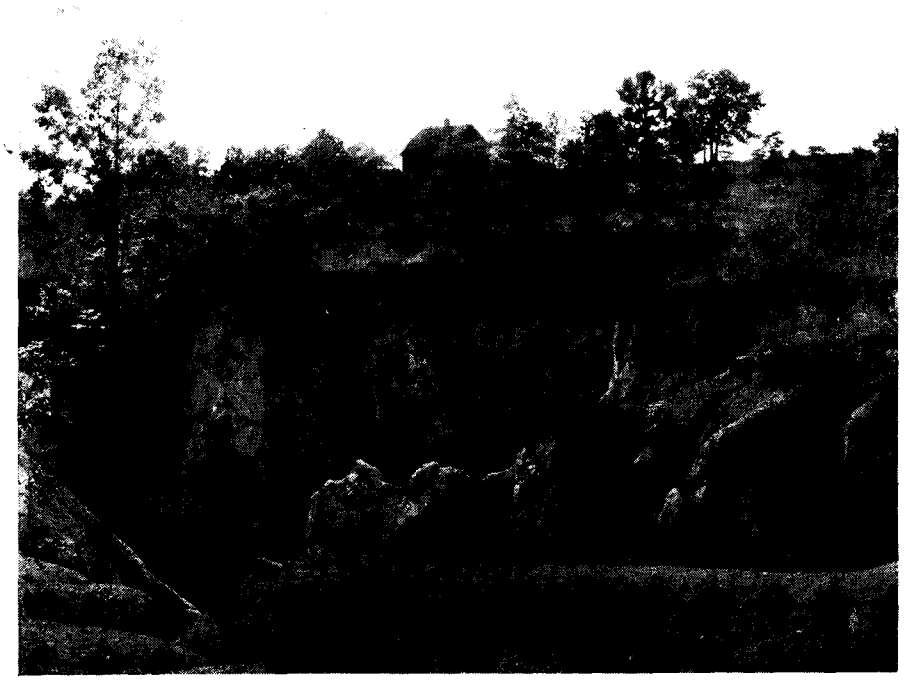


A gully near High Point, North Carolina, which has forced the abandonment of the now worthless farm

idence Gully, has a record of having swallowed up not only the barn that gave it birth, but also a church, a schoolhouse, a graveyard, a couple of nice dwelling houses and several farms. In spots it is two hundred feet deep, in places it is two hundred yards wide and, taking all its prongs and meanderings into consideration, it is several miles long.

In that one county there are hundreds of such gullies; throughout the South, it is said, there are a million, and from what I saw I have no doubt the figure is approximately correct. Of course these gullies are not all as huge and spectacular as the one called Providence, but for the fulfillment of their purpose, which is to destroy farm land totally, they don't have to be big. A few small ones, properly applied to a farm and consistently neglected by the farmer, can do his land as much damage as a miniature Grand Canyon.

Everywhere I went I saw this demonstrated. In Virginia I explored a tract of 136,000 acres which was, when we first got it, as good farm land as ever lay outdoors. Today forty per cent of it, with its topsoil all gone and its red clay ribs sticking out in plain view, has been permanently abandoned, while the remaining sixty per cent, unless strenuous measures are taken to arrest the erosion process, soon will be. In North Carolina, where I went over an area comprising 185 square miles, most of which has been stripped of most of its topsoil, I was told that there is one big gully to every hundred acres of land.

Object Lessons in Soil Neglect

South Carolina provided an even drearier picture, because in traveling over a section of 216 square miles, practically every other farmhouse that I came to was deserted. One of these impressed me particularly. I was with Dr. Buie, of the Federal Erosion Service, and as we drove along he pointed out a fine-looking old colonial mansion standing on a hilltop a couple of miles away.

"Nice-looking place, isn't it?" he said. I agreed with him, and then he added: "But let's go and look at it."

We did and I never saw a more perfect picture of complete desolation or a finer demonstration of how not to farm. A good many years ago that farm was the show farm of that part of South Carolina and that old colonial mansion was the center of the social activity of a large countryside. Today the Negro tenant who occupies the old "great house" is on the relief rolls of the county because out of the thousand or more acres that surround it he can't find even two or three from which he can make a living.

At another place I stopped to talk with a sweet old lady I saw sitting on the dilapidated porch of what had been, once upon a time, a fine home. Here is her story: Fifty years ago, as a bride of twenty, she and her young husband started life on 150 acres of fertile land. They prospered. They bought more land; and then more, until finally they had 1,500 acres and were really rich. Their good earth, in the hands of share croppers, would, they thought, provide for them forever, and so with nothing to worry about they went abroad when they wanted to or spent their winters in New York.

Today that old couple is penniless. I went inside the house and found it stripped of everything except the barest necessities. Heirlooms, keepsakes, antiques, furniture—all had been sold to pay taxes. I went outside, looked at the land and found it *stripped of all of its topsoil*. On this place complete devastation has arrived.

On another that I visited in the same locality it is rapidly on its way. This farm has a good deal of topsoil left but it is being ruined by three large gullies which are slowly but surely consuming it. One of these gullies is eating its way toward the farmhouse, another will swallow the barn within two years, while the third is cutting an abyss thirty-five feet deep and about twenty yards wide right through the center of the best part of the land. The amazing thing about this particular case is that the man who owns that farm, and who has been operating it for forty years, has never done anything at all to arrest the progress of those gullies. I know he hasn't because he told me so, but when I asked him why not he couldn't seem to find an answer.

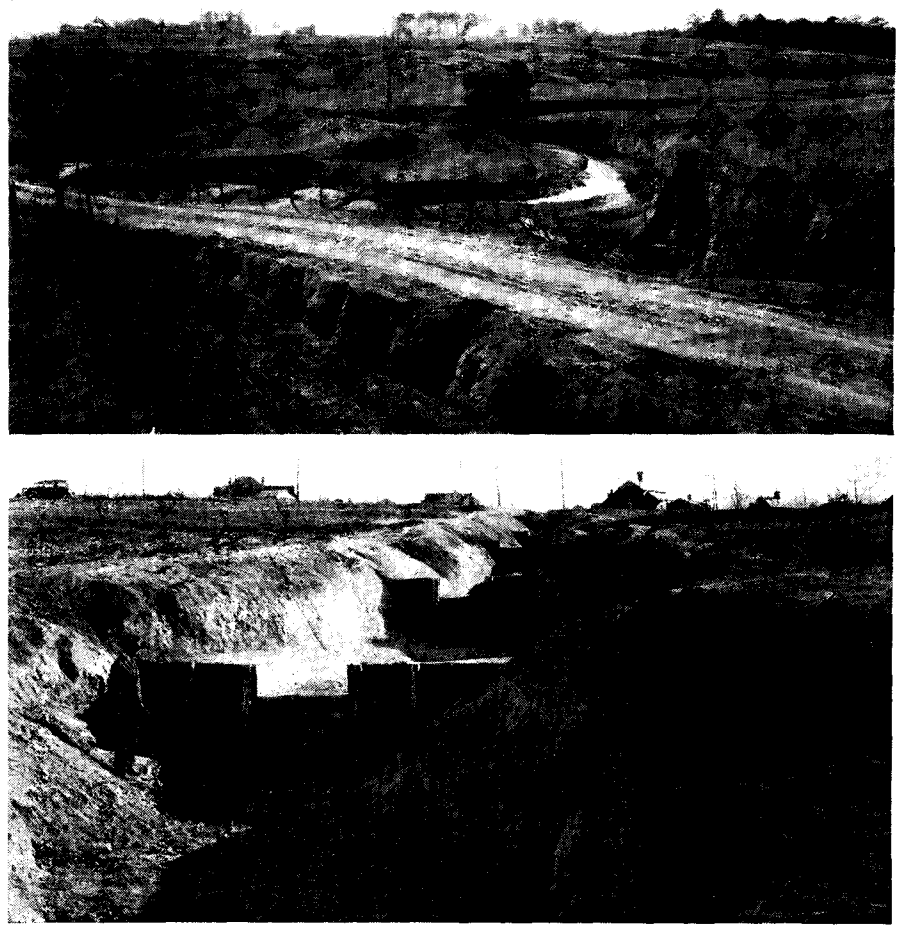
Our Irreclaimable Losses

And neither, perhaps, if we should disinter them, could the farmers of forty, fifty or a hundred years ago, unless they wanted to admit that it was sheer laziness on their part, tell us why they allowed literally millions of acres of their land to become so eroded that today those acres are of no practical value to us. In this connection there are vast stretches of timber land scattered all the way from New Jersey to the Gulf coast of Alabama which are very deceptive in appearance. Merely looking casually at those lands from the highway one gathers the impression that in case we need more farm land we can easily get it by going in and clearing off those tracts. But that is a tremendous error. Most of those lands, so far as the next few generations are concerned, can never be cultivated again. They have been once and that's what's the matter with them.

One can trace the different periods of cultivation by the size of the tree trunks. Here, where the trunks are thickest, the land, after its topsoil had all been washed away, was abandoned a century ago; over there, fifty, while yonder, where the saplings are only a few inches in diameter, it has probably been only ten or fifteen years since the farmer moved into a new location, cleared off a new strip of virgin woods and began a new chapter in his career of land destruction. Now there is not a word of exaggeration in any of this.

(Continued on page 43)

An eroded hillside pasture in South Carolina. This land has been sodded, but the grass is not enough to hold the soil



One way to control erosion in a gully. Log check dams, with stone aprons below the notches, break the force of the water

Topsoil, carried from the drained farm land by the Pacolet River in North Carolina, has silted this dam almost to its top

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Narrow Channel

The past held no terrors for Moira Brent. Not even the reckless Mr. Reed's — of whom it was said he took whatever he wanted. The story of a modern pirate and a girl who preferred action to words

By Albert Richard Wetjen

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

THE tall, broad-shouldered man with the reckless gray eyes and crisp black hair took off his sun-helmet and introduced himself.

"I'm Henry Reed," he said.

"And I'm Moira Brent," Moira said breathlessly. She had run down to the beach as soon as the schooner's boat had landed the stranger on Matabas Island, and she was a little excited. Visitors were few and far between. He surveyed her for a moment, her healthy, tanned face; her wind-blown fair hair; the lithe youth of her body outlined beneath the white shirt and immaculate duck pants, and he smiled his approval.

"It'll be your father then who owns the plantation here," he said. "I heard he wanted to sell and I thought I'd look the place over."

"Of course you'll stay at our bungalow," she said eagerly. "Everyone does who calls. I'll have the houseboys bring your baggage."

They went up the beach towards the white bungalow set in a grove of jackfruit trees and half covered with hibiscus vines, and by the time they reached the veranda they were tolerably well acquainted; the man grave but a little amused, and Moira bubbling over with questions about Sydney, demands for the latest news and what were women wearing now? Mr. Brent was taking his usual hourly drink of gin and lime juice—a tall, thin man with a graying mustache and a weary face; and he greeted the newcomer with the friendliness usual in out-of-the-way places.

"Reed, you say? Glad to know you. Yes, I might sell the plantation if the price suits. But we'll talk of that later. Lots of time. You'll meet my two assistants and Cummings, the missionary, at dinner. Moira can show you your room."

There was little enough convention on Matabas. Moira sat on the bed with her legs swinging while Mr. Reed unpacked. Frankly and almost naïvely she showed that she liked him. Since she had returned from a Sydney finishing school, six years before, she had been confined on the island, and young men were rare. Very rare.

"So you're a planter?" she demanded brightly, as a beginning.

"I suppose I am. I had a try at sugar once in Queensland."

She frowned a little, and considered as he rolled up his shirt sleeves to expose sinewy brown arms heavy with tattooing.

"Well, you look a lot more like a sailor to me," she said. He spun quickly round at that, his face tight.

"What makes you think that?" he demanded harshly. And then, noticing her startled eyes flickering to his arms, he relaxed and laughed.

"Oh, the tattooing. Anchors and ships? That was put on by an old Maori down in New Zealand, years ago. No, I'm not a sailor."

"Well," she said shortly, "you certainly snapped me up when I said so."

He looked at her curiously, his teeth white in his tanned face, and little crinkles about his eyes. Very good-looking. Moira forgave him.

"I'm sorry," he said. "My nerves are bad. That's one of the reasons I thought I'd stay over here a month or so to look around and rest up."

"It's a good place to rest," Moira agreed soberly. "No one ever comes here."

"No one?" he asked, smiling. "I heard Matabas was out of the way, but not so much out of the way as that."

"WELL," she considered. "You know what I mean. No one to speak of. The mail steamer twice a year. A stray schooner or *beche-de-mer* lugger now and then. And the Resident Magistrate comes over from Kotablu once in a great while. I get pretty sick of it at times."

"I imagine," he agreed, and lighted a stubby black pipe. "Let's see. Kotablu's the main port for the archipelago, isn't it? Quite a way away."

"Oh, but it isn't really. It's only about two hundred miles as the crow flies. The trouble is you have to go right around the outer islands to reach it. Takes you a week or more. There's supposed to be a short cut, a channel through the reefs to the north, but no one seems to know."

"Really?" he inquired. She drew her knees up to her chin and clasped her hands about them, eying him seriously.

"Well, no one actually knows, I mean. There's a story that a crazy young sailor named Barry Lark got through once. He was being chased by a warship and that's how he got away. I think some other men have tried to find the channel but never succeeded."

"That's very interesting," he agreed dryly. "If only a channel could be found and made practicable, then Matabas would be much more important, I take it. Only two days' run from Kotablu."

"I suppose that's right," she said. And then, after a pause, "Do you know anything about Barry Lark?"

He stared at her for one long moment and then laughed.

"Why, nothing much. He's a pretty bad actor, isn't he, from all accounts?"

"He's red-headed and very romantic," she said dreamily. "Like one of those old pirates. They say he poaches seals and pearls, and he's killed men. The sort of men," she added primly, "who ought to be killed."

She had to run to remain beside him, but she managed it very gracefully. "Really," she gasped, "you're hurting my arm"

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As will sometimes happen, one of the massive harpooned rays turned, leaped from the water and smashed the boat under

Mr. Reed shook out a white drill suit and placed it on a hanger. He seemed entirely uninterested now.

"He'll probably end up in jail," he observed. She made a face at his back.

"I hope he doesn't. I like him."

"So you've met him?"

"I DIDN'T mean that. But I'd like to. He isn't really bad at all. A lot of men who've been here say so. Sailors and such. He took the Anatram through a hurricane to Woodlark Island with food and medical supplies during the plague there and when no one else would go. And he saved the crew of the mail steamer Belle Isle in the big gale three years back."

The man laughed.

"You must be in love with him. You'd do better to think about some of the young captains who call here. Barry Lark's through. I heard in Brisbane before I left he was wanted for piracy on the high seas. Looted the ship's safe on the barkentine William the Fourth, killed her skipper and then disappeared. The Administration's really after him this time."

She got up from the bed, a little angry.

"I don't care. We read about that in the last papers we had. I'll bet a million he had a good reason. You ask Mr. Cummings, the missionary, here. Barry Lark did him a great favor once, a long time ago."

Mr. Reed dropped his pipe and hurriedly stooped to pick it up.

"Cummings?" he inquired in a muffled voice. "Your father said something about a Cummings, but I didn't pay much attention. That wouldn't be Abel Cummings, who used to be on Ponape?"

"Do you know him?" she cried.

"No," he said carelessly, straightening. "I've heard of him, though. What sort of a man is he?"

"Oh, very old now. Nearly blind. But he has a wonderful influence over the natives."

"Nearly blind," echoed Mr. Reed. "I'm sorry to hear that."

He had finished unpacking and he stood for a moment with his hands in his pockets, staring through the open window at the blue sea beyond the shadows of the palms. He seemed absorbed in thought, frowning and perplexed.

"Well," said Moira impatiently. "Shall we go? Maybe you'd like to take a swim. I can show you just the place."

"Now, now," he said, looking somberly down at her. "I think I'll join your father. I need a drink."

He went back to the veranda, where Mr. Brent was still busy with his gin and lime juice, and Moira frowned to hear the rumble of the two men's voices. And then, as she turned to go, her eye caught sight of a large bottle standing among the hairbrushes, combs and other knickknacks of the dressing-table. Something made her pick it up and turn it about to look at the label. And a curious, baffled look came to her face. Why should a young man like Henry Reed dye his hair?

MR. REED sat down to dinner that night with Moira and the four white men resident on Matabas. Besides Mr. Brent there were his two assistants, Morley and Roberts, middle-aged, tropic-drained men without particular interest in life save the welfare of the plantation.

The Reverend Mr. Cummings, the missionary, was of a different type. An aged, white-haired man, bent now but with a still massive frame and broad shoulders, he seemed as enthusiastic as when he had first come to the islands forty years before. He wore smoked glasses to ease his weak eyes, and his natural courtesy was almost embarrassing in a place where the niceties of life were apt to be forgotten in the appalling monotony of days. Mr. Brent's assistants acknowledged introductions to the newcomer with perfunctory nods and a mumble of words, but the missionary started distinctly when Mr. Reed spoke to him.

"Haven't we met somewhere before?" he inquired curiously. "Your voice seems familiar."

"Perhaps," agreed Mr. Reed. "I was at Ponape once or twice I think when you were stationed there."

"Ah, that would account for it," the missionary agreed, seemingly satisfied. But as Moira Brent cut delicately into the fish on her plate her smile was sweetly ominous and triumphant.

"I was telling Mr. Reed about Kotablu and how near it really is," she said. "And about the long way ships have to go to get there."

"Yes," added her father. "I mentioned that myself. Too bad there's no channel through the reefs."

"There must be a channel," interrupted the missionary doggedly, as if repeating an old argument. "Barry Lark got through."

Mr. Brent shrugged.

"I sometimes doubt it." He turned to his guest. "Several men have tried to short-cut to Kotablu. Most of them died. Two or three turned back, half insane. The reefs are that bad. The way is across a vast area of coral, shifting shoals and treacherous currents. The Administration made a couple of surveys, or tried to, and gave the job up. Then about ten or twelve years ago a notorious island character named Lark was running from a warship in these waters and disappeared near the reefs in a fog. My belief is that he really made the long skirt round under the cover of the fog and got clear, but the popular legend is that he found a channel and went through. It isn't important anyway."

"Not at all important," Mr. Reed agreed. "The islands are full of wild tales."

"THEY'RE not full of Barry Larks, though," snapped Moira. And added, as if in afterthought, "with red hair!" Her father frowned at her.

"That man's an obsession with you," he chided. "Nothing but a criminal. He's wanted even now for piracy and murder. I wish you hadn't got her interested in the man with your tales, Cummings."

"I don't believe Barry Lark ever did half the things they impute to him," the missionary protested. "I knew him well a long time ago. He did me a great favor once, on Ponape. He's not the sort of man to commit murder. Rough maybe—something sometimes necessary in these parts—but not a cold-blooded murderer."

"Well, let's talk of something else," said Mr. Brent irritably. "Moira, after dinner you might show Mr. Reed our beach by moonlight. Or perhaps he'd like to do some night fishing along the reef. That is unless he'd prefer to play cards with us old men. We turn in early as a rule."

Mr. Reed met Moira's eager gaze and, slowly lifting his glass, drained it without taking his eyes from her face. His hand was a little unsteady.

"I think," he said dryly, "I'd rather play cards."

Moira dropped her gaze to her plate and said nothing, her lower lip hard between her teeth. The conversation ran listlessly from the price of copra to the probable winner of the Melbourne Cup, while outside the night grew thicker and hotter, and the stars came, and great winged moths fluttered and banged

(Continued on page 41)

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The Man who Saved the World

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH M. CLEMENT

The Story Thus Far:

MAJOR MARTIN FAWLEY, American adventurer, accepts a dangerous secret commission from General Berati, Italy's strong man. As he does so, a beautiful woman enters the room, shoots at the general, and hurries out. Fawley pursues and catches her. She is the Princess Elida di Rezco di Vasena, the niece of Berati's wife! Within a few hours (although Fawley does not divulge her identity) she is exiled from Italy.

Sent to the Maritime Alps, Fawley has a thrilling adventure while mapping some French forts. Then, at Monte Carlo, he meets Adolf Krust, German monarchist, who is struggling secretly with General von Salzenburg and the powerful Heinrich Behrling for control of the Fatherland. . . . The Princess Elida appears on the scene. Invited to visit her on her yacht, Fawley goes aboard—and is kidnapped! A man who introduces himself as the Prince Maurice von Thal addresses him. "You," he says, "will soon be going to Germany, to make a report to your chief on political conditions there. That report *must* be favorable to General von Salzenburg." A few moments later the yacht is struck by a sudden storm, goes down. As it sinks, the princess throws herself into the American's arms, kisses him madly. . . . Miraculously saved, Fawley presently finds himself in Berlin. There he is visited, hounded, by Behrling and Krust, both of whom endeavor in every possible way to win his sympathies. He is, however, noncommittal.

The princess arrives. Fawley is her escort at a dinner given in a famous restaurant by Behrling. She informs him that she is working fiercely to make Behrling ruler of Germany. As they chat, Krust enters the room, takes a seat. Then Behrling—his bitterest enemy—appears, surrounded by a bodyguard. He tells Fawley that Europe is on the brink of a devastating war; that Berati will destroy Italy if he allies himself with Krust's party.

As Fawley listens, a whistle sounds shrilly. A number of stern-faced young men enter. The lights go out and two revolver shots ring out. Instantly, Fawley hears a whisper: "I lead you. Hold my wrist and the princess'." Fawley obeys; is led outside—to safety. There Behrling awaits him. "They have just tried to kill me," he announces. "I am glad you are safe." . . . Fawley proceeds to London. The princess follows him. There, in the Italian Embassy, the Italian ambassador, the Marchese Marius di Vasena (a relative of the princess), asks himself some baffling questions; and the greatest of these is: *What is Martin Fawley, American, doing in London?*

VII

IT WAS the moment for the sake of which Elida had made many sacrifices. She had, for the first time in her life, disobeyed certain instructions issued from a beautiful white stone and marble building in the Plaza Correggio at Rome—instructions signed by the hand of a very great man indeed. Not only that, but, in quartering herself with a relative whom she loved better than any other amongst her somewhat extensive family, she had involved him in many possible embarrassments. As she sat there she felt that she had offended against the code of her life and, listening to the music in the faraway rooms, the hum of joyous voices, the passing backwards and forwards of beautifully gowned women and men in brilliant uniforms, she felt conscious of a sense of shame.

Yet it all seemed worth while when young Hartley Stammers, second secretary at the American Embassy, the acquaintance of a few hours, from whom she had begged this favor, and Fawley, a quietly distinguished-looking figure in his plain evening clothes amongst this colorful gathering, suddenly appeared upon the threshold. The light which flashed for a single moment in his eyes filled her with a sort of painful joy. For the first time she felt weak of purpose. She was filled with a longing to abandon at that moment and forever this stealthy groping through the tortuous ways of life, to respond instead to that momentary challenge with everything she had to give. Perhaps if the mask had not fallen quite so quickly she might have yielded.

"This is indeed a great pleasure, Princess," Fawley said, as he raised her fingers to his lips. "I had no idea that you thought of coming to London."

"Nor I until—well, it seems only a few hours ago," she said. "My aunt has not been well and my uncle—you know him, I dare say—he is our ambassador here—begged me to pay him a flying visit. So here I am! Arrived this evening. Will you not sit down, Major Fawley? I should like so much that we talk for a little time."

THE younger man took regretful leave. Elida smiled at him delightfully. He had fulfilled a difficult mission and she was grateful.

"You will not forget, Mr. Stammers, that we dance later in the evening," she reminded him. "You must show me some of your new steps. None of our Italian men can dance like you Americans."

"I will be glad to," the boy promised a little ruefully. "I have a list of duty hops down here which make me feel tired. I'll cut some of them if I can. Being sort of office boy of the place, they seem to leave me to do the cleaning up."

He took his leave, followed by Elida's benediction. The quiet place for which she had asked fulfilled all its purposes. It was an alcove, as yet undiscovered by the majority of the guests, leading from one of the smaller refreshment rooms. Fawley sank into the divan by her side.

"Why have you come to London?" he asked quietly.

"Is this bluntness part of the new diplomacy they talk about?" she retorted.

"It is the oldest weapon man has," he declared. "It is rather effective, you see, because it really demands a reply."

"What you really want to know," she reflected, "is whether I followed you."

"Something of the sort. Perhaps you may have had quite different ideas. I can assure you that so far as I am concerned—" he left the sentence unfinished. A very rare thing with him.

"I came here expressly to see you," she suddenly confessed. "It is quite important."

"You flatter me."

"You know all your people in Rome, of course?"

"Naturally. We Americans always know one another. We do not keep ourselves in water-tight compartments."

"MR. MARSTON is a great friend of mine," she said. "Poor man, just now he seems so worried."

"What? Jimmie Marston?" Fawley exclaimed. "That sounds quaint to me. I don't think I ever saw him when he did not look happy."

"He is what you call in your very expressive language a bluffer," she answered. "I know what the matter is with him now. He is terrified lest at any moment he may find himself in the imbroglio of a European war."

Like a flash the relaxation passed from Fawley's expression. His tone was unchanged but he had relapsed into the stony-faced, polite, but casual guest performing his social duties.

"Our dear old friend," he observed, "is probably having an unfortunate love affair. He is the only one of our diplomats who has achieved the blue ribbon of the profession and remained a lover of women. They really ought not to have given him Rome. It was trying him too high."

"Yet not long ago," she reminded him, "you were pursuing your vocation there."

"Ah, but then I am not a lover of women," he declared.

"I wonder whether it matters," she went on. "I mean, I wonder whether outside the pages of the novelist ambassadors ever do give away startling secrets to the Delilahs of my sex and whether they," she added with a flash of her beautiful eyes, "ever win successes with a whisper which should cost them a lifetime's devotion."

With a murmured request for permission he followed her example and lit a cigarette.

"One would like to believe in that sort of thing," he reflected, "but I do not think there is much of it nowadays. Whispers are too easily traced back and if you once drop out of a profession it is terribly difficult to reëstablish yourself. We Americans—you must have found that out for yourself—are an intensely practical people. We would not consider any woman in the world worth the loss of our career."

She leaned back in her corner of the divan and laughed melodiously.

"What gallantry!"

There was a certain return of good humor in his kindly smile.

"Let us be thankful, at any rate," he said, "that our relations are such that we do not need to borrow the one from the other."

HER fingers played nervously with her vanity case.

"That may not last," she murmured, almost under her breath. "I did not follow you here for nothing."

He listened to the music.

"Rather a good tune," he suggested.

She shook her head decisively.

"Neither did I follow you here to dance with you."

He sighed regretfully.

"The worst of even the byways of my profession," he lamented, "is that duty so often interferes with pleasure. The chief's wife, who, as I dare say you know, is my cousin, has given me a special list here and I have to take the wife of the French naval attaché in to supper."

"I shall not keep you," she promised.

"Fellow in your room, Martin," he faltered. "Must have been hiding somewhere"

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"I should probably have sent you away before now if I had not felt reluctant to say what I came to say. Sit down for one moment and leave me when you please. It is necessary."

"Necessary?" he repeated.

She nodded. She was less at her ease than he had ever seen her. Her exquisite fingers were playing nervously with a jewel which hung from her neck.

"I think I told you once that I saw quite a good deal of your young brother in Rome during the hunting season."

"Micky?"

"Yes. The one in the embassy. Third secretary, is he not?"

Fawley nodded.

"Well, what about him?"

"He is not as discreet as you are."

A QUEER silence. The sound of the music seemed to have faded away. When he spoke his voice was lower than ever but there was an almost active belligerency in his tone.

"Just what do you mean?" he demanded.

"You are going to hate me, so get ready for it."

"For the first time in my life," he muttered, "I am inclined to wish that you were a man."

She was hardening a little. The first step was taken, at any rate.

"Well, I am not, you see, and you can do nothing about it. Here is a scrappy note from your brother which I received a short time ago. It is written, as you can see, on the embassy note paper."

She handed him an envelope. He drew out its contents deliberately and read the half sheet of paper:

"Dear Princess:

"I rather fancy that I am crazy, but here you are. I send you copies of the last three code cables from Washington to the chief. I have no access to the code and I cannot see what use they can be to you without it but I have kept my word.

"Don't forget our dance tomorrow night. MICKY."

Fawley folded up the note and returned it.

"The copies of the various cables," she remarked, "were enclosed. Rather ingenuous of the boy, was it not, to imagine that anyone interested at all in the undercurrents of diplomacy had not the means of decoding dispatches? They were all three very unimportant, though. They did not tell me what I wished to know."

There was a tired look in his eyes but otherwise he remained impassive.

"Yes," he agreed, "it was ingenuous. It just shows that it is not quite fair to bring these lads fresh from college into a world where they meet women like you. Go on, please."

"The cables," she continued, "and your brother's note, if you wish for it, are at your disposal in return for accurate knowledge of just one thing."

"What is it you wish to know?" he asked.

"I wish to know why you came here to London instead of taking the information you collected in Germany straight to Rome."

"Anything else?"

"Whether Washington and London are likely to come to any agreement."

"Upon what?"

"Some great event which even the giants fear to whisper about."

"I have seldom," he declared, rising to his feet and beckoning to a young man who was standing upon the threshold of the anteroom looking in, "spent an hour in which the elements of humor and pleasure were so admirably blended. Dickson, young fellow, you are in luck," he went on, addressing the friend to whom he had signaled. "I am permitted to present you to the Princess di Vasena. Put your best foot foremost and if you can dance as well as you used to heaven is about to open before you. Princess—to our next meeting."

He bowed unusually low and strolled away. She looked after him thoughtfully as she made room for the newcomer by her side.

"You were wondering?" the latter asked.

"When that meeting will be, for one thing. Major Fawley is always so mysterious. Shall we dance?"

FAWLEY, during the course of his wanderings about the world, had years ago decided upon London as his headquarters and occupied in his hours of leisure a very delightful apartment in the Albany. At ten o'clock on the evening following the ball at Dorrington House a freckled young man, still in flying clothes, was ushered into Fawley's room by the family servant whom he had brought with him from New York and established as caretaker.

"Mr. Michael, sir," the latter announced. "Shall I serve dinner now?"

"Cocktails first," Fawley ordered, "then dinner as soon as you like. You won't need to change, Micky. Just get out of those ghoulish-looking clothes, have your bath and put on a dressing-gown or anything you like. That is, unless you want to go out. I am not moving myself this evening."

The young man appeared doubtful.

"The fact is, Martin, old chap," he confessed, "I have a very particular friend over in London just now. I thought of trying to see if I could locate her."

"The Princess di Vasena?" his brother inquired casually.

Micky stared at him.

"How the mischief did you guess?"

Fawley smiled a little sadly.

"This is not like home, you know, Micky. Here you have to picture to yourself nations and individuals all standing on tiptoe and crazy to get to know everybody else's business. The whole place is like a beastly whispering gallery."

"Still, I don't see how—" the boy began with a puzzled frown.

"Go and get your bath and dry up," his brother interrupted. "I will send Jenkins round with a cocktail."

"Jove, that sounds good," Micky admitted. "I shan't be longer than twenty minutes. Awfully decent of you to wait dinner."

The cocktails tasted good, as indeed they were, for granted the right material, the American touch on the shaker is after all the most subtle in the world. The dinner was excellent and the bottle of Pommery '14, iced to perfection, was a dream. Michael Fawley, a rather

(Continued on page 33)

Micky, in his pajamas, swayed upon the threshold. All his fresh color had gone. He was gripping the edge of the door for support

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Woman in Love

By Kathleen Norris

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ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The Story Thus Far:

IN LOVE with George Davis, prominent candidate for the district attorneyship, who has asked her to marry him, Tamara Todhunter, San Francisco's most talented actress, tells him a story that amazes him: Eight years before, cruelly betrayed by a man whom, in her innocence, she had trusted blindly, she had become the mother of a girl. Her child, "Mary Laurence," is still alive; she is living with Mary Hutton, a widow (twice married), whom neighbors believe to be her aunt. And (Tamara has just made this startling discovery) Mrs. Hutton, who for years has been mourning the mysterious disappearance of her only son, *is George Davis' mother!*

A happy reunion between mother and son follows; and Tamara and George are married. Returning from their honeymoon, they find San Francisco deeply interested in a murder case: The State vs. Maynard Mallory, a Hollywood actor, accused of killing his wife. Awaiting Tamara is a frantic letter from Mallory—*Mary's father!*—in which he implores her to persuade her brilliant husband to defend him. At George's insistence, Tamara had never mentioned the scoundrel's name; now, hearing the whole story, and hoping to protect Tamara against the possibility of the man's blurting out what he knows, George defends him. The jury cannot agree. A second trial, which will end after the elections, must be held. Sure that he will soon be the district attorney (he is actually elected before the trial terminates), he turns the case over to a capable attorney. The result does not surprise him: Mallory is found guilty of murder in the first degree.

Again the man turns to Tamara and George for help. They visit him in prison, where Tamara promises to interview the governor in his behalf. Before they leave, however, Mallory, suddenly altering his tactics, threatens Tamara. Whereupon George, angered by one of his remarks, knocks him down. . . . A few days later, returning from Halfmoon Bay, to which they had gone without notifying anyone, they receive a frightful shock. When Maynard Mallory had fallen, he had injured his head; he had been rushed to a hospital; *he had died there!* And George—the new district attorney!—is wanted by the police.

George gives himself up at once. Then, released on bail, he discusses the situation with Tamara, who has just received an offer from Hollywood. He advises her to accept the offer. And instantly Tamara guesses the truth: He is preparing for a long term of imprisonment; he will not divulge his reason for striking Mallory—*he must protect her!*

XI

"SO I'LL manage it somehow," George went on. "And after you come back from Los Angeles you come see me."

"George, they won't cut your hair?"

"I don't know whether they will or not. I may not even go, you know."

"I'll see you in one of those rooms that smell of whitewash and carbolic," she said under her breath. "And women will be there crying and giving boys tobacco and trying to make talk with them."

"Those Sundays when mothers go over to the jail!" George said. "Well, it'll be different with us. We've nothing to regret. Even poor Mallory probably would have been grateful for the quick out if he'd known it was coming. Tam, my little beloved girl, my wife, you won't forget me, and I'll live on your letters and books, and it won't be forever. And some hot summer day we'll climb into the car and head her for Halfmoon Bay, and we'll stop and get eggs and coffee—"

"And asparagus and cherries!"

"And asparagus and cherries! And then we'll forget all this; it won't leave any mark. What I'm doing," George said, "*satisfies* me. Do you know what I mean? It seems like a fulfillment. It satisfies me."

"But how to get through today!"

"Oh, well, time goes on. It'll go by."

"You don't want me to go to court and cross the bay with you?"

"No. Positively not! There'll be photographers, Tam; newspaper-men. Let's cut all that. And now," said George, "here's what you must do today. Clean up here and turn the keys over to what's-her-name. Then go downtown and buy presents for all the Martell kids and Ellen. Then see a movie—we'll decide right here and now which movie, and get a seat in the loges on the right, and if I'm free I'll join you. And then at about four, drive down to the Martells' and stay a day or two. How's that?"

"That's fine," she said, with white lips.

"You've got money?"

"Yes, I'm fine."

"And listen, dearest. Write me!"

"Oh, George, don't!"

"AFTER a little it won't seem so tough," he said. "After Christmas we'll begin to concentrate on plans. After all, a prison is just a place—half the men in most of them are decenter and straighter than the men outside. Look at what the papers have been exposing lately!"

"I know." She trailed after him as he threw a few things into a bag, stood forlornly watching him, not knowing what was happening or what he or she was saying, one of his old sweaters pressed against her heart as if to stanch a flow of blood. The clocks ticked and the happy sunshiny Christmas Eve moved on apace over the city. Streets far below Tam's windows were filled with shoppers. Premature horns sounded sharp and sweet in the singing sweetness of the day.

"Well, it's ten of ten; I'd better move," George said with a great air of briskness. He slipped on his big coat, buttoned it, put his arms about her and kissed her once, briefly. "Goodby, my heart," he said.

"Remember that I will never love anyone else in the world as I love you," Tamara said steadily.

GEORGE picked up his hat and his bag and went out without turning again. Tamara set about washing her breakfast dishes, put them away hot and shining, drew the shades in the kitchen against the battering of the winter sun. Two empty, clean milk bottles flashed on the little back porch; she put another with them, stepped back into the kitchen and looked about. All in scrupulous order.

After a long while in which she stood staring at faucets and gas-cocks and linoleum without seeing them she went into the bedroom. George's pillow still held the impress of his big, untidy head and she slid to her knees and laid her face against it for a moment of weakness. Tears fell on the crumpled linen. But almost immediately she was on her feet again. The beds were pulled apart, windows opened to cold, fresh, rushing air, garments hung away in orderly fashion.

"I've found out how women go

"Remember that I will never love anyone else," Tamara said steadily

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through a good many things in this life," Tamara said once aloud in the complete solitude and stillness. "Now I'm finding out how they go through this. Jails. I suppose there are thousands of men in jails whose women feel the way I do. Jail. Lance was in jail once for losing other people's money. That was bad enough. Mother had hysterics, I remember, and made a scene. But Lance was only a kid then and Lance hasn't got awfully good sense anyway. That just seemed horribly stupid and expensive.

"This is different. This is George."

She telephoned Menlo Park.

"Ellen, I'm so sorry, but I'm not getting down today. You're all so wonderful to want me, but I want to stay here—Yes, but I want to be alone; I'm all right. Truly I am; I have milk; I have everything. I just feel sort of—battered, and I want to be alone. No, I don't know what's happened, do you? George said he would telephone right away and I want to be here when he does. You'll forgive me for not coming down; I will tomorrow. And then I go on to Los Angeles. He wants me to. And Merry Christmas!"

TIME went by. She was at her eastern window at two o'clock to watch the slow progress of a steamer across the bay. The water flowed in a gracious fan away from the prow; the current carried it in a long sweep past Alcatraz; fog was coming in the Gate in streamers and banks, and presently the puffing Sonora was lost in it.

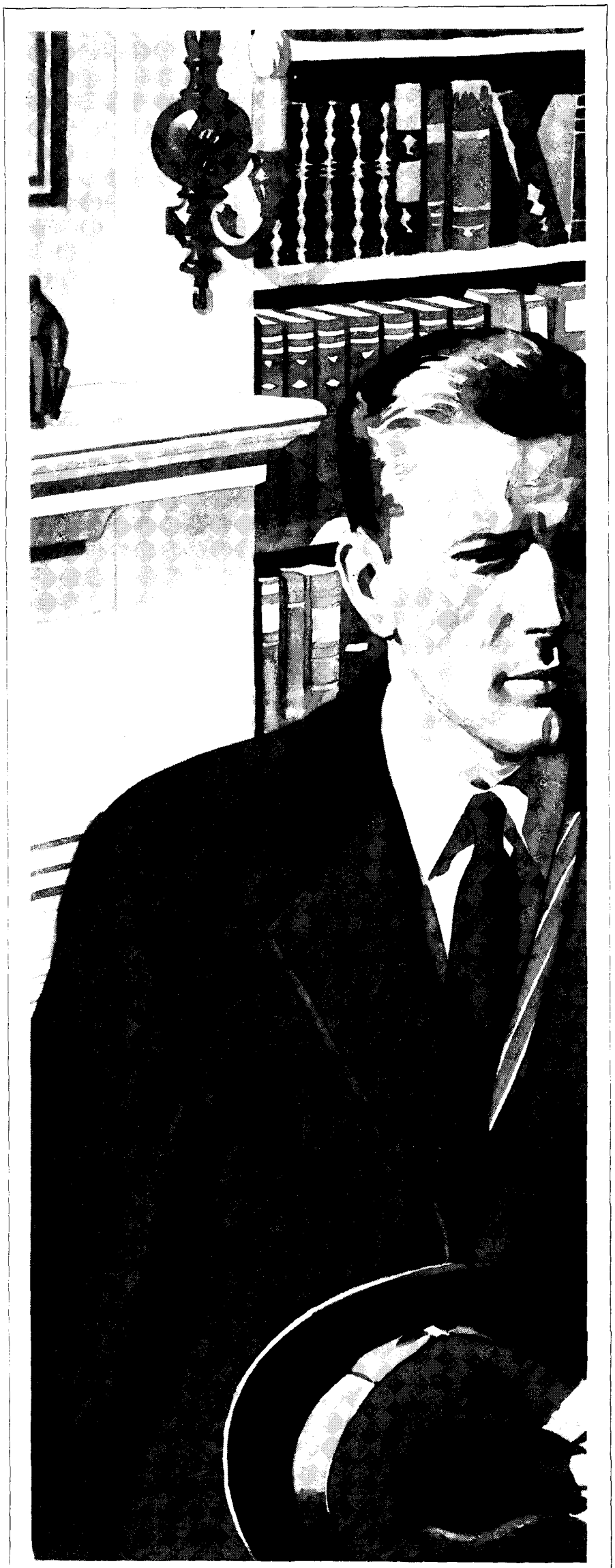
Tamara did not leave the window for a long time. The boat would be docked in Sausalito now, she thought, and the motor car started on its nine-mile run through the quiet countryside. It would be passing the little homes where wood fires were blazing today, and Christmas trees glittering with red glass balls and showers of shining silver rain. Big vans from the City of Paris and the White House would be delivering boxes; dolls and tea sets and brightly painted sleds and wagons. And George was being taken through it all a prisoner!

At five o'clock Tamara found herself lying on her bed. She was not thinking; she was hardly feeling anything. The long strain had left her weak and numb; she fancied she had dozed for a while, now she had awakened again. She stretched a long arm to the table beside her and took from it a little double photograph frame. For a long time she stared at it with no expression whatsoever on her face.

THE picture of a man looked back at her. She had taken this picture herself, and she liked it better than even the best of the campaign ones. George was grinning, his hair was somewhat blown about and his shirt open at the throat.

The picture facing his was of a child—a little girl whose hair was also windblown, who was standing in a meadow with her eyes dancing with mischief and excitement, and her small feet in shabby white shoes planted firmly upon a carpet of flowers. Her brief, scant frock revealed her slim, firm, bare legs; she held against her face with vigorous bared little rounded arms a great floppy Airedale puppy almost as large as herself.

Mary, who had been such an engaging, eager baby, and who was growing into so engaging, so eager a little girl, was far across the water now. Her vital "Aunt Tam, I'll tell you what!" and the rush of her flying feet, the tumbling of her fragrant, loving little self against "Aunt Tam's" shoulder or into Aunt Tam's arms was only an evasive memory now. Tam could press her wet face against the thin glass that protected the picture as desperately as she would, there was no warmth there, there was no ringing little imperious voice, there was none of the living deliciousness of Mary.



George picked up his hat and bag and went out without turning

And George was lost in the fog across the bay on this Christmas Eve. He was shut into that great grim place that stood in the bare coldness of the treeless brown hills that ran down to the cold cove water. Great walls held him in, and on those walls men armed with guns walked slowly day and night, and within those walls were hoses and machine guns and bars and locks—locks within locks and guns always ready.

George would be having his supper now at a long table surrounded by silent, savagely hungry men. Beans and bread and soupy coffee. Afterward he would fall with the others into helpless lines beside cages in which animals would have died. At the sound of a bugle the men would meekly incarcerate themselves, and hear the locks click for an awful twelve hours of idleness and solitude.

At six she made herself a cup of tea, and afterward dressed and walked slowly down through the lighted gay little shops of Chinatown toward the city. The cross of Old Saint Mary's lifted itself above the troubled world, high and peaceful and full of promise. Tam went up the steps and noiselessly entered the dim, sweet place; the altar was lovely with berries and holly and the red ribbons of poinsettia. Men and women were coming and going, laying their strangely assorted bundles in the pews as they prayed, leaving their spiritual burdens here forever. Someone was playing the "Adeste" softly on the organ. At the altar there was a dim light, and here and there women were reading prayer-books under isolated lamps.

Tam found a dark corner behind a great pillar near the altar and knelt down and buried her face in her hands.

THE glare of a brilliant October day lay blinding upon the big white square buildings and the clean-swept, wide alleys between them. Everything—whitewashed, corrugated iron roofs, walls, roadways—trembled and throbbed in the merciless light; workmen stopped to wipe their foreheads as they raised medieval walls and painted the mellowed old rocks of moats and towers; a group of girls in ballet skirts, perspiration standing in visible globules upon their saffron-painted faces, sat on some roped and cleated boxes in a patch of hot shade, and panted.

Inside the buildings there was comparative coolness, but the air was heavy and unrefreshing. Tamara, coming through the hot sunlight that lay between the neatly painted balconied layers of dressing-rooms to the big iron door stenciled "Stages 3—14—7," was addressed by the members of the ballet.

"Oven in there."

"It must be," said Tamara.

"Is it the new picture?"

"No. Retakes."

"Oh, Lord!" one of the girls said pityingly.

"Yes," Tamara said, meditatively, "we had to rebuild the yacht. Fortunately it was the camera's fault."

GARBED in full evening wear, with ropes of gems about her throat and some dozen bracelets clamped to her arm, and carrying an old-fashioned sewing-bag, Tamara pushed open the big door and stepped into the warm dimness beyond. The tremendous structure was undivided by partitioning walls, but her view of it was obstructed none the less by sets. Interiors of libraries and kitchens, and exteriors of desert sand, palm trees, striped tents.

Between all these were the ugly incongruities of the props and platforms

(Continued on page 38)

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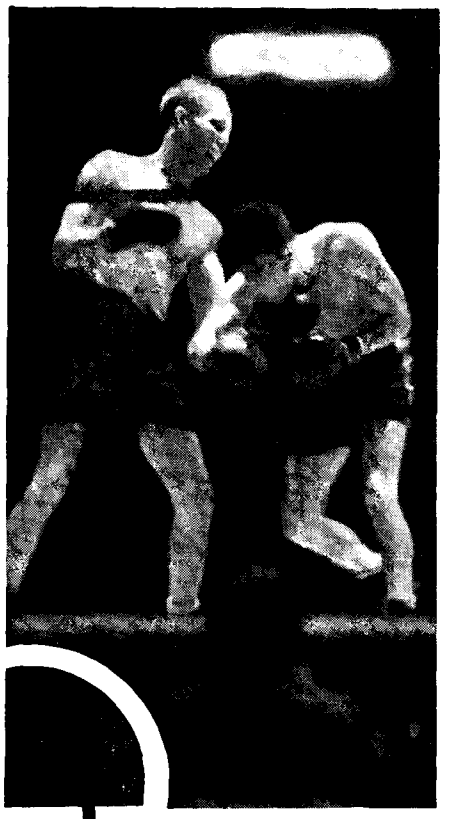
You've Got to Get Up

What's it like to be knocked down in a prize ring? What's it like to think you're fighting the third round and find out it's the tenth? What keeps you going? Here the former flyweight champion of the world tells you about the fighting instinct—as much as a man would know who has it

By Fidel La Barba



Three rounds of a battle that proved a man's fighting instinct: La Barba against Bud Taylor. Badly beaten in the early rounds, La Barba recovered and came on to win

PHOTOS © BY INTERNATIONAL NEWS

THUMP! Thump! Thump! A rhythmic pounding receding into a dull monotonous buzzing in your ears. Then this increases into a deafening roar and you're startled into forcing open your eyes. Myriads of little lights dance in a whirling firmament that completely surrounds you. You blink, you shake your head. The roar becomes louder and the lights even brighter and you begin to feel the supporting firmness of something hard and real beneath you.

I can think of nothing better to explain what follows than the idea that a big, well-scrambled jigsaw puzzle should be suddenly thrown into your lap and you should be given ten seconds, or less, to put it together.

Impressions come thick and fast with no connection whatsoever. You realize you're on the floor. "I've got to get up." But you can't get up! You're paralyzed! You battle with all your might to lift your head but it falls back. Gradually, you find you can move an arm—a leg. Pandemonium all around. "Get up!" Sure! Now you remember. You're down! You've been knocked down. Where are you? That's it—a fight! Who? Why? Where? Oh, sure—You're in a ring. "Get up." How long have you been down? Where's the other guy? What round is it? Then the fog begins to lift. You see and hear the crowd, the referee and things you identify and recognize. "Get up!" And that's how it feels to be knocked down.

The above is my answer to the question so often asked. When your business is fighting you may be sure that sooner or later anyone you meet is going to ask, "How do you feel when you get a good sock on the jaw?" "What do you think about when you're knocked down?" "Have you ever been knocked out?" There seems to be universal curiosity on these points. I am happy that even my thirteen years in the ring do not qualify me as an authority on such emotional reactions, but on the two occasions wherein I was both the subject and the diagnostician, I made the deliberate and careful observations noted here.

My career was peculiar in that I had never been knocked down until after I had been champion of my class for some years. I had been very careful in the early stages and none of the reputedly hard hitters had tipped me over. It was not until I had finished a hard campaign in New York and stopped over in Boston to pick up a modest purse for a few rounds with an unknown that I found out about knockdowns. I was never so surprised before or since.

This fellow Vacca was a rugged, busy fighter and, as always, my manager, George Blake, had warned me to be careful and take no chances. Everything would have gone along on schedule, but the first round was too easy. I spent the entire three minutes chasing Vacca around the ring. During the rest period and the opening of the second round my mind turned to other things. Tomorrow I'd be in Chicago, a day or two later in Denver and, within a week—back home in California. Boy, oh boy! California— Suddenly Vacca made a funny little shift and—Thump! Thump! Thump! A dull, monotonous buzzing in my ears. Etc., etc.

"Five!" A voice roared in my ear.

"No! I'm not out! There's still a chance!"

My mind began to function more clearly—a thousand disconnected thoughts flashed through my brain. What round is it? What shall I do? Shall I jump up? Where is Vacca? What—

"Six!"

No Place for Mistakes

Figures were more distinct now. I could make out the faces in my corner. There was George Blake. Blake! Somehow, I knew I must manage to get up, weather the storm of punches and get back to him for advice. Think fast! Get up! Protect yourself—

"Seven!"

"Don't get panicky!" "Don't make mistakes." I could recall the many times these words had been drilled into me. Blake the manager, and La Barba the fighter had been widely heralded as a shrewd pair, a combination unique in boxing who didn't make mistakes. Many good fighters were lost because they couldn't think in tight places. "I mustn't make a mistake now," I told myself. I felt steadier now. "The referee said seven. Better get up on the next count."

"Eight! Now's the time!"

I pulled myself up and immediately went into a crouch. I was taking no chances on a wild swing landing and flooring me again.

Vacca tore after me, swinging savagely. I covered and it was well I did because I couldn't see the punches coming. Jolting rights and lefts landed on my arms and shoulders. When our bodies met, I instinctively grabbed and pulled him into a clinch and held on.

A new problem presented itself. Where was my corner? I took a look over Vacca's shoulder and saw someone gesticulating frantically—Vacca's manager. My corner must be behind me. To be sure without turning to look thus exposing myself to a damaging punch, I wrestled him around and took another peek. There was Mr. Blake's calm, sober face turned toward me. I felt much better.

The referee succeeded in prying me loose and we danced around the ring. I was lost again. If I made for the wrong corner Vacca would be aware of my condition and keep up the attack without fear in the next round.

The bell clanged. I hesitated momentarily to make sure of direction and let Vacca start first. He went to the right, so I went to the left and was relieved to find myself in my own corner.

Mr. Blake helped me carefully to my stool. Frantically working to make the most of the short minute of rest, my seconds talked excitedly.

"Quiet, everybody!" Mr. Blake demanded.

"You sponge him off. You keep ice at the back of his head. I'll do the talking," he snapped.

"I'm all right, Mr. Blake," I offered. "I know I was down—"

"Don't talk, Fidel!"

The pungent odor of the smelling salts irritated my nostrils until I almost gagged. A water-soaked sponge was squeezed over my head and the icy water trickling down my body helped somewhat to revive me.

I saw Mr. Blake standing close in front of me to shield me from the view of the opposite corner.

Managers Know Best

"Fidel, Vacca is crossing you with his right," he said. "That's his best punch and he'll keep using it. Do this—!" He took my own right glove with the padding turned to my face and laid it across my left jaw so that that side was completely protected.

"Keep that there and don't take it away. Stay in your crouch and when you get in close, clinch and stay in till you're pulled off!"

The bell rang. Vacca threw his right and I felt a thump as it landed on the glove protecting my jaw. I could see him in front of me but my head was still in a whirl and I couldn't follow his movements. We got into a clinch and I held. The referee broke it up. Another right—another thump. I didn't dare use my right but kept it firmly over my jaw.

Through the rest of the round I felt many rights land against my glove. If it hadn't been for that shock-absorber I would surely have been finished.

At the bell Vacca rushed out. He could see his big chance slipping away and he was desperate. His right, with "Knockout" written all over it, was cocked. He let it fly. Seeing it in time, I moved my right glove over to the left side of my jaw. "Thump!" My own left was extended out in front, my body crouched and I snapped my right glove back to where it belonged. Another

(Continued on page 48)

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DRIVE A PLYMOUTH IN THE RAIN

AND LEARN WHY HYDRAULIC BRAKES ARE SAFEST

IN RAINY WEATHER, your big concern is SAFETY. Brakes become doubly important. You want to know that the kind of brakes on the car you're driving will stop you dead in your tracks . . . the kind that will prevent *dangerous swerving!*

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Through Red Eyes

By Ray Tucker

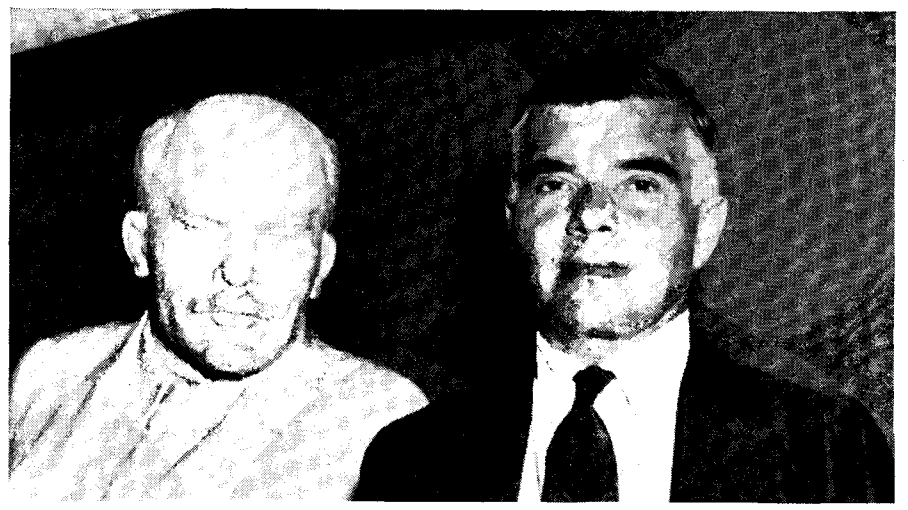
Collier's Washington Staff Writer

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

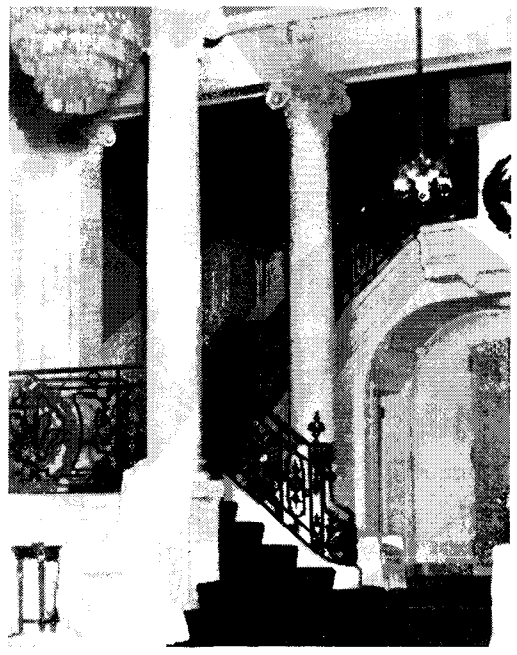
The little colony of communists at the Soviet Embassy came here with the determination to find out all about us. It's an uphill job, for our behavior, seen through Russian eyes, doesn't always make sense

Russia is curious about the way we live, and we want to know about Russia, all of which mean busy days for First Secretary Neymann

Vladimir Alexandrovich Burzin, military attaché. He ranks as a major general and prefers his title of "Mister"



Ambassador Troyanovsky poses with a bust of Lenin, founder of the state he represents here



Where Americans made "whoopee." The grand staircase of the Russian Embassy at Washington, D. C.

WHAT happens when a communistic state, which has no glory titles, no baseball fields, no golf links, no Hollywood heroines, no Broadway bright lights and only a vision of factories and skyscrapers, pals around with an ancient republic, whose notables over a decade include such a strange assortment as Franklin D. Roosevelt, General John Pershing, Colonel Charles Lindbergh, Andrew W. Mellon, Bobby Jones, Rudy Vallee, Mae West, human flies, the Brain Trust and the Sultan of Swat?

The little colony of thirty men, women and children who make up the household of the Soviet Embassy at Washington furnish a partial answer to this question. Since Soviet recognition almost a year ago, they have been studying us and trying to figure us out. It's a tough job, and they haven't been able to find the key to our national jigsaw puzzle. But their attempt to understand the United States, and to make us understand a reborn Russia, constitutes one of the most fascinating experiments at the capital. Since most of them knew no word of English and had seen no building higher than fourteen stories when they landed here, they started from scratch; they had little laboratory equipment except their five senses.

Bewilderment began for them on the night Ambassador Troyanovsky gave his first official reception in the bizarre, red-and-gold palace built by Pullman millions. It was a spectacle to make him wonder why Moscow had recognized these barbarians. The 1,000 guests pawed the cloth-of-gold hangings. They bounced up and down on the frail Empire furniture. They slid down winding staircases. Yum-yumming like savages, they dashed from smoked sturgeon to iced mounds of black caviar, and from samovars of tea to more stimulating oases of Scotch. They choked down inflammable vodka with good old rye, and they jostled about the Louis XVI ballroom to New York jazz until sun-up. It was a good, up-to-date All-American revel in a Tartar setting.

Fun for Everybody

The hosts were exiled into a state of hospitable loneliness. Ambassador and Madame Troyanovsky stood shyly at the head of the stairway all evening. Few of the attachés and secretaries could speak any English then, and they acknowledged introductions with bows, shining eyes and gleaming glasses. But the collision smashed a few misconceptions, as well as other things. If the Russians wondered at the air of revelry and lack of dignity of the natives, the latter praised the genius of the "Bolsheviki" for civilized entertainment, tolerance and good taste. The debs discovered that the lithe young Russians were swell dancers.

Subsequent affairs were more communistic. At smaller receptions to Russian explorers and journalists the Americans behaved better. They split into small groups with their hosts and talked international shop. The same men who had shinned up staircases on the gala opening night, and the same Russians who had stood apart in lingual isolation, discussed their countries' problems. The guests found that the New Deal's so-called regimentation of life's larger phases did not even faintly approximate the Soviet's regulation of human habits. The hosts expressed amazement that we call it a "revolution." Each group gained a new perspective.

By this time, too, the attachés had learned some English, and they showed off by talking our slang. "Here's to you!" was the chief contribution to the conversation by Paul Rurevich Oras, the naval aide, and he proffered each toast with a satisfied grin. Vladimir Alexandrovich Burzin, the military attaché, told how a friend had discovered that Americans are crazy about vodka.

While in New York, Burzin recounted, his compatriot heard everybody asking: "Vod can I do? Vod can I do?" "Get me," pleaded Burzin. "In Russian '*vodka naidu*' means 'I want vodka.'"

It was the Russians' turn to wonder when Burzin and Oras presented their credentials. At home their officers have no titles except "Comrade." Their rank depends upon their knowledge and duties, and it is identified only by number. Although only thirty-four years old, big, blond, Burzin stands near the summit of this numerical oligarchy, and so does small, stocky, thirty-five-year-old Oras. But social and military usage in this land of freedom and equality and democracy requires that they march in to teas and dinners, receptions and reviews, with some kind of a drawing-room trade-mark. The protocol experts of the State Department finally ruled that Burzin amounted to a lieutenant general, under our code, and that Oras was, at least, a vice admiral.

The mere suggestion horrified the diplomatic corps. Few attachés hold a rank higher than captain or commander, and rivals refused to take the dust of these boyish newcomers. So Burzin was rated as a major general and Oras as a rear admiral. Even with this demotion, they outrank all attachés except a lieutenant general at the German Embassy. But the incident embarrassed the titleless Russians. Ambassador Troyanovsky took no interest in the hot debate, and Burzin and Oras do not intend to take advantage of their top rating. They don't answer to "General" and "Admiral," and in the official diplomatic list they appear as plain "Mister." By several years too late they handed a lesson in etiquette to Dolly Gann and Alice Longworth.

America, the Astonishing

Burzin and Oras have more serious worries. Both have been in the midst of action since, as striplings, they enlisted under the hammer and sickle. Burzin has commanded an army corps and Oras served as assistant chief on the Krassin expedition that rescued the Italia's survivors from death in Arctic snows. Now they are sentenced to a round of monotonous social affairs varied only by routine visits to West Point, Annapolis and other goose-stepping schools. The lot of a Soviet soldier or sailorman in a country resting on its arms is not a snappy one.

The rest of the colony also squirms, silently and courteously, from contact with what is to them an old, finished and sophisticated country. They sailed from, and not to, a stern and rockbound land. It is the rawness of Russia and the need for mobilization of all mental and bodily energy on behalf of the state which makes it hard for this lonely little family to understand certain aspects of our society, and to settle down in

(Continued on page 30)

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One quart of milk supplies about the same amount of bodily energy as 9 eggs, or 3/4 lb. beefsteak, or 4/5 lb. chicken, or 6 1/2 oranges, or 2 lb. potatoes, or 3 lb. string beans.

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The Perfect Prisoner

The story of Jeff Clifford, and the girl who learned the truth about him— after he was sent to jail

By David Garth

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

SHE was direct, indignant, and her letter was most certainly not an endorsement of Jeffry Clifford's reputedly brilliant column. Jeff was interested enough to give his earnest attention to the crackling missive, uncertain whether to grin or become slightly indignant himself.

According to a girl named Kathleen O'Hara, Jeff could go into partnership with a deep lake and a lead weight without causing the world any great loss. His recent remarks about Women in Sport, stated Kathleen O'Hara, were lamentably puerile, and the only reason she didn't cancel her subscription to his great daily was because his page was useful for odd things like wrapping up potato peelings and covering the bottom of the canary bird's cage.

Now, ordinarily, Jeff would never have been bothered even by letters that threatened battle, murder and sudden death. His style of writing was endowed with a satiric and militant slant that couldn't possibly please everybody at once.

But this letter was written on heavy blue note paper in a hand whose clarity and firmness bespoke youth, and there was a deft, subtle essence of some sensitive perfume in its pages. So he rumpled his hair and tried to recollect what he had said exactly anent "Women in Sport." Something about their emotional intensity and inherent vanity being likely, in a pinch, to make their only rules those of a sorority tea catfight, he remembered.

"I used to think you were wasting your time writing for the sports page," Kathleen O'Hara concluded. "For years I read you over the breakfast table, but now to me you're an exploded institution—like bustles!"

"SHUCKS," muttered Jeff, who had no wish to be exploded, let alone classed with bustles.

He invited Ray Curry to read it. He felt he needed somebody else's reaction to the O'Hara torpedo.

His colleague at the next sports desk scanned the letter, and rubbed his chin.

"O'Hara?" he repeated thoughtfully. "Say, that name's familiar. Let me think—" He snapped his fingers suddenly. "Sure. I wrote a piece about her a while ago. She's a justice of the peace."

"Justice of the peace!" Jeff stared at him. "Where—?"

"Millerand township. Where this letter is postmarked. Sure, she was the dark horse who nearly sent the National Woman's Golf up in smoke last summer." Curry grinned reminiscently. "Yes, sir, darned if she didn't blaze right up to the semifinals and scare the big names half to death. Nobody had ever heard of her before, so I dug up a little local color on her for a build-up. It seems she combined as Republican, Democrat, Independent, Socialist and Farmer-Laborite to wage a political campaign against the male justice of the peace in her home town. She decided he was incompetent and also giving the place unwelcome notoriety by making it into a mecca for eloping couples."

"What's she like?" Jeff inquired, deeply intrigued.

Curry looked at him and grinned again.

"Terrible," he said fervently. "Horn-rim glasses, wispy hair done up in a knot on the top of her head, high buttoned shoes—"

Jeff inspected the letter. He held a page close to his nose and sniffed.

"Curry," he said, "you lie in your throat."

"If you don't believe me," shrugged the other, "why don't you stop in on your way up to New Haven this weekend and see for yourself?"

Jeff thought that was a good idea.

Jeff Clifford's ideas of the duties of a justice of the peace were bounded on the north by marrying eloping couples, on the south by fining speedsters, and on the east and west by absolute blanks. So, having no intention of getting married either now or in the near future, he entered Millerand from the south on a Friday afternoon going sixty miles an hour along the highway and was picked up by a gentleman on a motorcycle before he got out of the town limits.

THE local constabulary seemed prone to let him off with a few words of caution, but Jeff fixed that. He said he didn't like the attitude around here and added for good measure that framing innocent motorists was a heck of a way to balance the town budget.

The result was he found himself before a long, rambling house of stone and cedar with an abundance of chimneys and ivy, while the officer lifted the great brass knocker on the door. Immediately a deep growl was heard on the inside. Not too promising a welcome, but then of course he wasn't here to be welcomed.

And then the massive door swung open to show a slim girl stooping slightly to grasp a mastiff's collar.

"Speedin' violation, ma'am," said the

"You're talking through your hat, laddie. Ten bucks"

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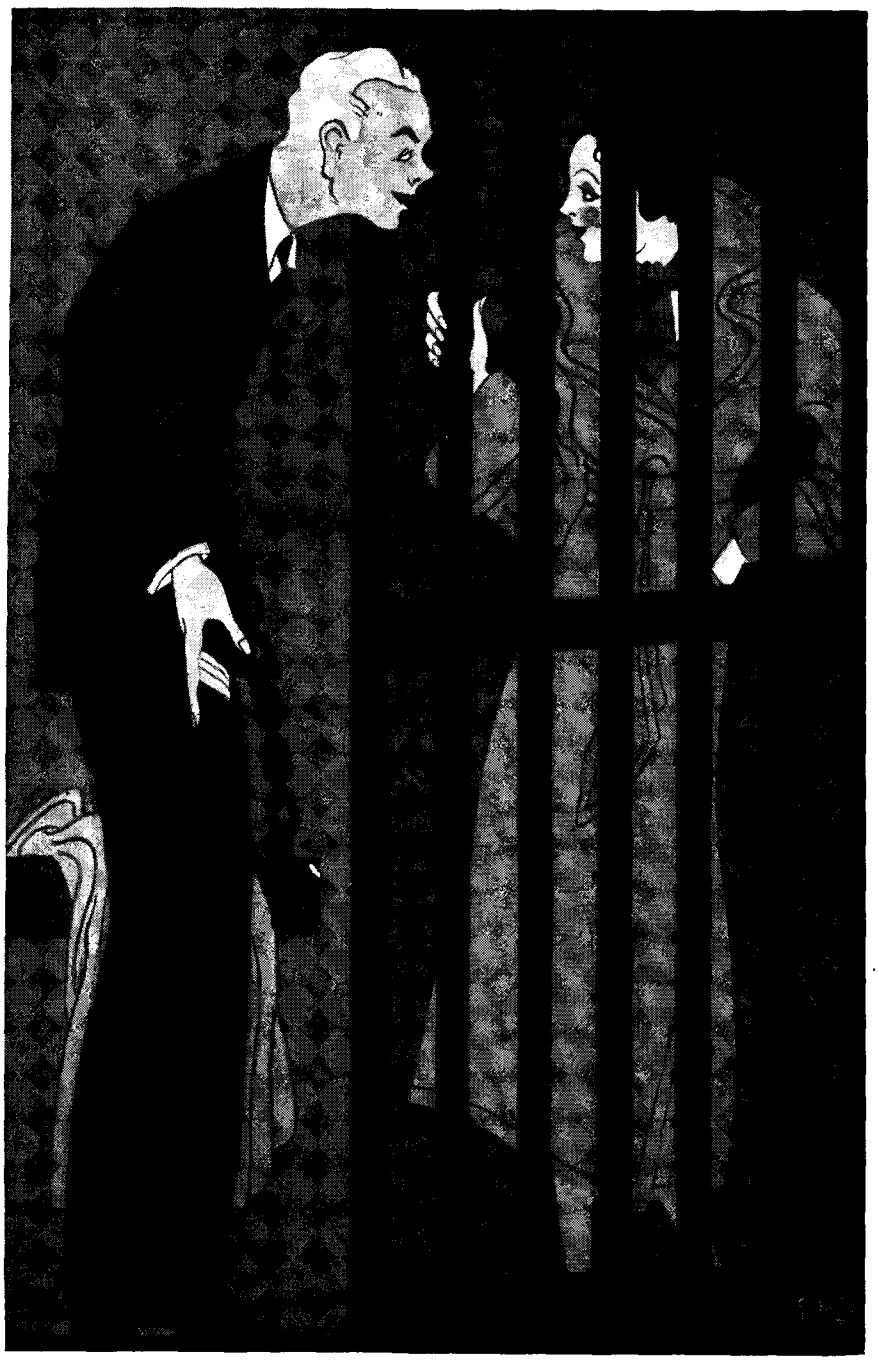

"I feel very sorry for you," she said. "You must get yourself into a lot of trouble that could be avoided"

officer. "And almighty sassy about it, too."

"Oh," said the girl. She looked at Jeff, who was earnestly attempting to appear a recalcitrant "sasser" of cops. "Oh," she said again. "Come inside, please. Shut up, you."

This last was directed at the dog, who was regarding Jeff with doubtful cordiality. It was a travesty on canine justice that he was forthwith banished into the outer regions while Jeff was led to a comfortable little room with portholes instead of windows and models of windjammers in niches over bookcases that lined the walls.

The girl sat down at a heavy oak desk and looked at him with purposeful gray eyes.

"Name, please."

"Name?" said Jeff. "Uh—Barrymore. Ronald Barrymore."

"Sixty miles an hour, Mr. Ronald Barrymore," she said reflectively. "Our township extends only seven miles along the highway. If you can't go the regulation thirty that long it's too bad about you." She smiled suddenly. "Don't you think so?"

Jeff privately opined that it would be almost a pleasure to creep through a town like Millerand. This girl's mother must have been a lovely woman with blue-black hair and very nice eyes—heigh-ho.

He repressed a grin of absolute agreement.

"Do I think so?" he answered. "Well, I should say not. If a person slowed up for the regulations of every Indian settlement along this turnpike he might just as well be traveling in the Covered Wagon."

His attitude clearly disappointed her.

"I'm sorry you feel that way," she said courteously. "We only try to maintain safe through traffic. Ten dollars, and go and sin no more."

The smile was ready to come back. She always seemed ready to smile. But it was a good bet she hadn't been smiling when she penned a denunciation of one Jeffry Clifford, smircher of women's rights, extraordinary. That was the girl he wanted to see.

"I won't pay it," he told her, and waited for developments.

THERE was an embarrassing silence wherein the officer shuffled his feet restlessly and the girl regarded him thoughtfully, tapping a pencil against her lips.

"Really?" she commented finally. "Why not?"

"It's a matter of principle," Jeff announced. "I've had experience with these chain-store oases. They're all out to make you feed the kitty."

She was becoming a little peeved, he decided, enjoying the situation. Yes, sir, Kathleen O'Hara didn't care for his attitude.

"You're talking through your hat," he was informed. "Ten bucks, laddie, and don't let it happen again."

Jeff joined the ranks of the fathers of the American Revolution.

"I stand on my rights," he said determinedly.

The girl turned to the officer.

"Put him in the lockup," she directed with a trace of regret in her voice.

"Damn," contributed Jeff, who hadn't figured on Millerand having a jail.

"One dollar," said the justice of the peace immediately, "or another two hours in jail."

Jeff's principles took a punch in the solar plexus.

"You mean to say," he demanded, "I can't even say 'damn'?"

"Not when according to our town statute it is an affront to public decency."

"Statute? What statute?"

"Statute of 1852 covering Profanity: 'Every person who shall profanely curse or swear shall forfeit one dollar for every offense if the magistrate deems such offense amounts to a violation of public decency for which offense the offender may be convicted without any other proof whatsoever.'" She took a breath, and nodded her dark head very positively. "There you are. And you and your rights are confined until four o'clock tomorrow afternoon."

For a moment he could only stare. Statute of 1852 covering Prof—

"Well," he breathed, "I'll be—er—darned."

Her lips quivered momentarily.

"Tell you what," she said. "If you're a good boy I'll remit your swearing sentence and you will be released at two o'clock instead of four. Won't that be nice?"

Jeff wiped his brow.

"Lady," he said fervently, "it would be almost too much."

AS HE waited for her to write out his commitment the thought flashed through his mind that he had once been an institution to this girl. Boy, he must have been good!

In durance vile Jeff reclined at full length on a cot in a very clean and comfortable cell and acknowledged that he had been just a little too smart for his own good. He was due in the press box at the Yale Bowl at one-thirty the next day and at that time he'd still be emulating the Prisoner of Chillon. But who would have thought a small, beautiful old town like Millerand would have anything so worldly as a jail?

"Clifford," he grinned, staring at the ceiling, "anything you get you deserve, my son."

That having been settled, he turned his thoughts to the dark-haired, gray-eyed reason for his being here. Now that he'd seen her he could understand why she'd thrown a bombshell into the Women's Golf and won a political point from a grafting town justice. Kathleen O'Hara not only had initiative, but also plenty of good old self-confidence.

"Mr. Barrymore."

Jeff started violently, even as a deer nipped by one of Robin Hood's arrows. He scrambled to his feet in amazement. The girl was standing by the bars. She wore a sports coat turned up about her neck, was bareheaded, and a glow of healthy color in her face bore testimony to the snapping November air.

"Oh—hullo," he greeted. "Won't you come in and sit down?"

"I just wanted to see," she said, "if you were comfortable."

"Gosh," said Jeff, "are you as nice to all your prisoners?"

"I feel very sorry for you," she said. "You must manage to get yourself into a lot of trouble that could be avoided."

Jeff promised to turn over a new leaf.

"But being in a nice, comfortable jail like this," he told her, "is positively a reward of virtue. If it wasn't that I'll miss the Yale-Harvard game I'd just as soon sit here and play dominoes with the deputy constable until kingdom come. You see, this is the first Harvard game I've missed in years."

"That's too bad," said the girl sympathetically. "I haven't missed one in years either. Tell you what—you can get it on the radio in the constable's office."

"Aw—radio," sniffed Jeff. "Those broadcasters don't know anything about football."

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "There's usually a pretty good sports commentator at these big games. Jeff Clifford. He's great."

SOMETHING of a radical nature took place around Jeff's knees. He sagged a little, then recovered.

"Huh?—Clifford?" he said faintly. "Oh—the sports writer. He's—uh—fair."

"I think he's very good," Kathleen O'Hara made it known. "And on the radio he's fine. Why, he'll make you think you're right down on the field."

Jeff had received a great many plaudits on his lucid style, but this was the first one that gave him a real glow. Somehow, this girl's opinion seemed to mean something—it came closer to knocking him off his pins than anything he had ever experienced before in his life.

But standing here talking between the bars to an enormously attractive person about himself wasn't his idea of sport or sportsmanship.

"You know," he said slowly, "I can't imagine anything sweller than sitting in the Yale Bowl with you tomorrow afternoon. You belong to that background—sun, and bands playing, and cheers, and color—"

He paused and smiled at her. Jeff's smile was like the sun on white sand, and there was something about the easy, rangy way he wore his rough tweeds that placed him in the same world of sunlight on a great stadium and martial music and the swing of youthful strength.

Kathleen bit her nether lip and frowned slightly. Obviously, a mighty problem sat on her mind.

"Tell you what," she said finally. "I'll parole you for the game if you'll promise to come back and finish sentence."

That rocked him on his heels for certain.

"You'd do that?" he exclaimed.

"Why not? Only wish I could see it myself. Unfortunately, I tried too late to get a ticket."

THERE was a silence. Jeff grasped the bars and contemplated her with awe.

"Gosh," he breathed, "you're a swell girl. Listen," he spoke quickly and eagerly: "I can get a couple of good tickets. I know—er—people. Let's both go. I'll guarantee you never to be arrested for speeding again, complete regeneration, and a swell afternoon."

He stuck a hand through the cell door.

"What do you say?" he demanded exuberantly.

For a moment she said nothing at all. Her dark brows met in a straight line of surprise and she looked at him a little uncertainly. Then she smiled and put her hand in his.

"That's well worth the sacrifice," she said. "I'd be delighted, Mr.—Barrymore."

Jeff let it go at that. He had a hunch that it would be better to continue on the informal footing for the nonce rather than risk any embarrassment.

His parole started at eleven the next morning. And what a morning—crisp, sunny, sparkling. He almost sang as

(Continued on page 36)

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Your Own Best Bet

Good advice from an actress who can be a dozen different women. For Madame Daykarkhanova, an expert at make-up, realizes that its proper use is to express, not disguise, character. So she urges you to study yourself—and to touch up the picture accordingly

By Katharine Roberts

THE Broadway producer was disturbed and a little confused. The woman with whom he was talking was not the one he had asked to see. Quite definitely she was not. Yet she had the same name he had read beneath the photograph that had led him to believe he had found an actress for a part in his next play.

The woman he had seen in the picture was a peasant well into years, a woman with a round, fat face, a blob of a nose, and sagging jowls. She was what he was looking for. The one who had responded to her name—Tamara Daykarkhanova—was a young woman, a gentlewoman. Her face was sensitively molded and delicate. She had a fine, smooth brow, not the wrinkled forehead of the old peasant; her brown eyes had a depth of understanding and a glow of loveliness within them, and the line of the eye went smoothly into the cheek; she had an exceptionally straight-bridged nose; her mouth was firm and gentle and one knew it would speak thoughtfully. The producer's glance went back to the picture in his hand—to the pouches under the eyes, the rounded, fat nose and—good Lord, the jowls! Then he looked again at the woman before him and saw that the line of the jaw was clean-cut and slim and tapered into a delicately pointed chin.

"I'm sorry," he said, still puzzled, "I must have made a mistake."

Make-up Miracles

He knew that Madame Tamara Daykarkhanova had played many important rôles as a member of the famous Moscow Art Theater and that she had been leading woman in the more dramatic scenes of the original Chauve Souris. He knew, too, that in the past four years this Russian artist had become known as the finest expert in theatrical make-up to be found in New York. But it took a great deal of explanation before he understood how she could transform herself into that sagging old peasant in the photograph; and, being used to the vanities of many of our actresses, he was never able to understand why she should be willing to do it. He refused to be a party to the repetition of any such thing.

ALFREDO VALENTE

MABEL ROBEY

ALFREDO VALENTE

MABEL ROBEY

Madame Daykarkhanova, in the rôles of a Cockney charwoman, an Italian Madonna, the decrepit ballerina of de Maupassant's The Minuet, and as a light-minded blonde

Those who have witnessed the work of her make-up brushes have seen her become successively such extreme opposites as the beautiful, spiritual Italian Madonna; the decrepit ballerina of de Maupassant's The Minuet; the Cockney charwoman; and the supercilious society blonde. It seems almost incredible that one woman can achieve such variety. How she accomplishes these miracles is a fascinating study, but equally fascinating are the miracles she has accomplished in improving the so-called "straight" make-ups of some of our familiar stars.

I went to her country home to talk with Madame Daykarkhanova about these things and, if I could, to bring back some of the secrets that had brought so much delight in the theater—and I had, too, another idea.

Everyone is interested in the legerdemain of the stage, but there are also women in the audiences who invariably wonder, "What would a little of this art do for me? How can I learn and profit by these things?" I knew that Madame Daykarkhanova had been made very unusual offers for personal advice of this sort. But, being a truly great artist of the theater, she could not, of course, accept them. Certainly she could not devote her time to telling individual Mrs. Smiths how to make up for the party. But from the basic principles that she uses in the theater, I believe that practical and very valuable conclusions could be drawn. It seemed to me that her intense sincerity of characterization should not be entirely for what is called "the world of illusion"—there is something ironic in that. To be sure, many tricks of make-up can be used for the stage that cannot be used on the street—they would look very strange—yet Madame Daykarkhanova's fundamental idea that the inner personality and the outward appearance must blend and harmonize and belong together is true on either side of the footlights.

A Science of Cosmetics

Four years ago she decided to make America her home. She had been here before, but from that trip she had returned to Europe to continue playing on the stages where she had made her reputation. She could play in French and German as easily as in her own Russian, but, when she decided to remain in the United States, she realized that she could not play steadily on our stage until she had perfected her English. Meanwhile she felt that she must do something that would keep her actively and creatively in the theater. It was this that led to the establishing of her now celebrated school of make-up and to her coaching other actresses.

It is, of course, impossible in less than a volume to give all the complex technique that goes into her skillful use of cosmetic art in the theater, but the simplest laws are intriguing and they are the most useful to the woman who would apply them to herself.

"A straight make-up," said Madame Daykarkhanova at the beginning, "is much like the restoration of an old canvas." (I have known some actresses before whom it would scarcely be safe to make this forthright remark. I am sure that Madame Daykarkhanova has known them, too.)

"Each face is individual," she continued, "it has its own merits and faults. In the theater we speak of a 'straight' make-up to differentiate it from a 'character' make-up, but there is really no such thing, since each

(Continued on page 47)

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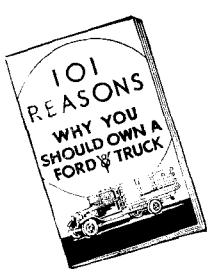

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MANY a truck owner . . . with high operating costs robbing him of profits . . . has changed to Ford V-8 Trucks and started making money. A wealth of reserve power is built into that V-8 engine. Its mileage per gallon of gas is as high as a "four"—and oil is seldom added between regular changes. It stands up under the toughest conditions of roads and loads. It stays ON the job and OUT of the repair shop. And the fact that no truck in America is lower in price has made it possible and profitable for truck owners to replace their out-of-date, dollar-eating equipment with modern, fast, easy-on-the-pocketbook Ford V-8 Trucks.

THE ONLY TRUCK AT ANY PRICE THAT GIVES YOU ALL THESE FEATURES

FULL-FLOATING REAR AXLE

Entire weight rests on heavily-reinforced axle housing. The axle shafts have nothing to do but turn the wheels. You can pull out the axle shafts without jacking up the truck. Large and sturdy ring gear and straddle-mounted driving pinion.

V-8 PERFORMANCE WITH 4-CYLINDER ECONOMY

80-horsepower V-8 truck engine uses no more fuel than a "four." Dual carburetor and dual intake manifold cut gas consumption and step up pep and power. Full-length water-jackets keep engine and oil at efficient operating temperatures.

FULL TORQUE-TUBE DRIVE

All driving and braking stresses transmitted by full torque tube and radius-rods. Springs have nothing to do but cushion the load against road shocks. Semi-elliptic rear springs are free-shackled at BOTH ends.

LOW-COST ENGINE EXCHANGE

After the normal life of the engine, you can have a block-tested, factory-reconditioned engine installed for much less than the cost of an engine overhaul . . . and without tying up your truck more than a few hours.

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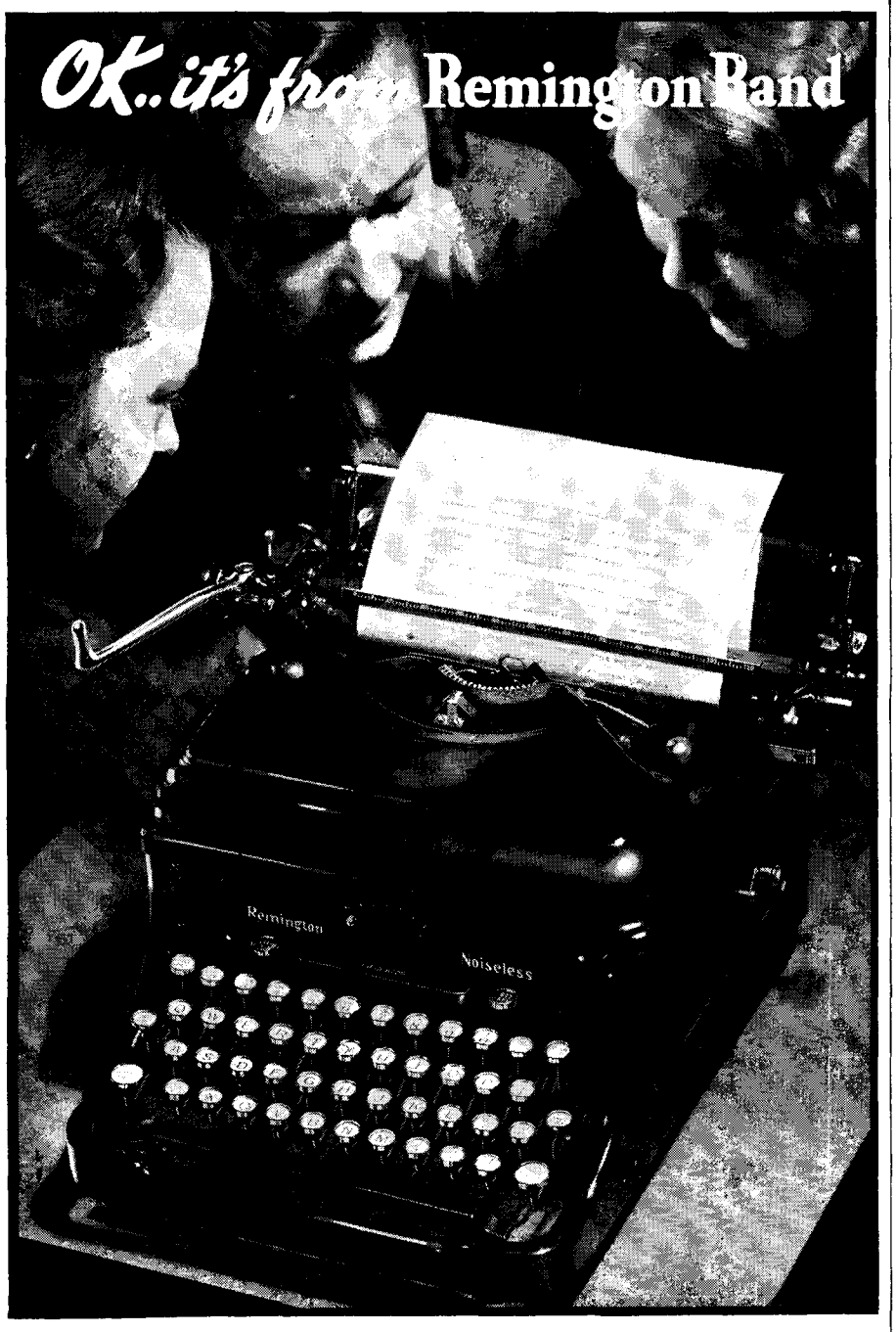
A SELL-OUT

from the first day shown

YOU have heard of this new Remington Noiseless, with the new feather-like touch, the cleaner writing impression, the *twenty-three* important mechanical improvements that have taken the business world by storm. A sell-out from the day it was introduced ten months ago. So popular that our factories are only now catching up with demand.

Inspect this new Remington Noiseless before you buy any typewriter of any kind. If you are an executive you want it for its amazing quietness, its *writing-perfection result.* If you are a secretary or stenographer you want it because it frees you from nerve-wracking clatter, helps you to win the boss's attention by doing better work. See this typewriter. Try it. Telephone Remington Rand for free trial. Or write Buffalo, N. Y.



New Remington *Noiseless*

Through Red Eyes

Continued from page 22

comfortable association with us. They admire our individual progress, our material achievements, but they cannot comprehend the use we make of our leisure hours. Our interest in trivialities impresses them as a distressing waste of energy and emotion.

They cannot understand our craze for frivolous movies, for gangster news and fiction, and our comic strips pain and puzzle them. Though blessed with a broad sense of humor, the tall Burzin and tiny Oras did not get the point when Washington columnists dubbed them "Mutt and Jeff"—and don't yet. Their point of view, of course, suffers from memories of a land where even the circus must furnish education rather than entertainment.

They are advocates of athletics for the sound body it builds, but they cannot warm to our orgies of sport. Despite Ambassador Bullitt's propaganda for baseball at Moscow, they doubt if a game played by eighteen men while thousands cheer and curse and chew popcorn will ever propagate in the homeland.

Ambassador Troyanovsky apparently had his tongue in his cheek when, in discussing the Soviet system of general physical culture, he said: "Look out, America! We will yet produce a Soviet Babe Ruth, or, in our own Russian tongue, a *Rebionochik Rut.*" Whereas our home-run maker is almost unknown on Soviet playgrounds, Lindbergh and Douglas Fairbanks are heroes—the first for his aviation achievements and the movie star for his physical feats. The Thief of Bagdad was a wow in Russia, and crowds stood all night beneath Fairbanks' hotel window during his stay in Moscow. Mae West would probably be thrown out of town as a distracting influence.

Transplanting has not changed the colony. It is patient but puzzled. It squints at America through eyes that are serious, studious, curious. Even their sports are a state matter here. When the ambassador feels the need of exercise, he plays tennis or ping-pong or billiards or goes up to the specially constructed gymnasium in the attic. No member of the household plays golf. For mental diversion the ambassador sits for hours with the chessmen, and he is internationally famous for his skill. But even chess is a form of homage to the founder of the state; it was by mastering this game in Parisian and Swiss cellars that Lenin steeled himself so that he could spring from exile to the seat of the Romanoffs. Russians are generally devotees of the game.

An Eye for New Ideas

With the ambassador it is almost all work and no play. Unlike most of the corps, he did not join the social set at Southampton or Hot Springs during the summer. He rented a modest house in the Blue Ridge, fifty miles from Washington, and was at his desk almost every day, through Washington's fierce heat. While his colleagues swam and sipped and danced, he discussed debts with Secretary Hull. He misses no chances to inform himself of latest developments in industrial, engineering and economic fields, always keeping in mind their possible usefulness in an awakening Russia. He toured the Great Lakes to study our inland waterways system. He spent his time at the World's Fair in the manufacturing exhibits. He rode with the engineers on the new streamlined train exhibited at Chicago. New inventions, especially automobiles embodying strange designs, arrive at the Embassy almost daily, and the dignified diplomats seize or climb into them with the eagerness of children on Christmas morning.

More than any other event since they came here, President Roosevelt's tour of great public projects in the Northwest enlisted their enthusiasm. He was talking their language and dreaming their dreams out there. They read every word of his speeches promising that a raw land would some day bloom with people and echo to the noise of factories. He made these perplexed pioneers homesick for the wastes where American engineers are transforming folk ways by making the Volga sing of electricity. They think that they can understand our West, and all are anxious to visit the less perfected portion of the United States.

What Russians Want to Know

The interest is mutual. First Secretary Alexei Fedorovich Neymann, who has set up a clearing house for exchange of information between the two nations, says that most of his queries about life under the red banner come from the West and South. Few write in from the North, and puritanical New England doesn't give a hoot or a hallelujah about new Russia.

The inquiries from Russia are of a serious nature. From the Ukraine comes a request for federal and municipal health laws and regulations. Engineers and agriculturists want a steady supply of technical data useful in their work. The Moscow Theater group would like to be kept informed of the best productions. Secretary Neymann sent them the manuscript of Men in White and a volume of the supposedly ten best plays of the season. Then, there are questions raised by fantastic legends about the incredible height of the Empire State Building, the size of our factories, the speed of our trains and subways.

For quite a long time the colonists' chance to psychoanalyze us at clinical range was the only specific benefit from recognition. The long deadlock over debts and trade credits killed prospects of selling Russia $100,000,000 worth of goods annually. For six months after recognition sales amounted to only $6,147,000 because the Administration insisted that the Soviet agree to pay public and private debts before it could obtain government help in financing exports.

The Russians were equally stubborn. They maintained that the $187,000,000 loan to the Kerensky government was used to shoot down Soviet revolutionaries, and to strengthen the provisional régime which they overthrew. It was, they said, the principle rather than the sum which irritated them. It was this rather than the $441,000,000 in private claims which interposed the barrier to an agreement. Everybody agrees that arbitration will eventually reduce the private obligations to a negligible amount.

The negotiations revealed that Ambassador Troyanovsky learned a thing or two about trading during his boyhood days in Kiev, Russia's world-famous shopping center. He and his Muscovite colleagues are sharp-shooting bargainers. The ambassador may not speak perfect English; he may not yell "socko" when "*Rebionochik Rut*" hits a homer; he may not appreciate Mae West's curves—but he knows his rubles in any lingo.

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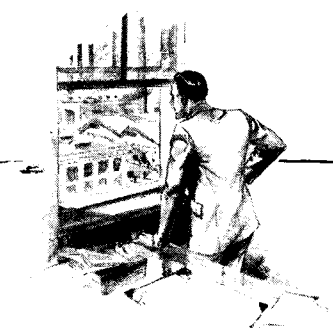
Why does any man start a business?



"BECAUSE HE HOPES TO MAKE MONEY," you say. True, just as the men of the Covered Wagon hoped to find gold or richer soil. But there is another reason. A man lives only once. There is inside him a restless urge to *do* something, to *build* something, to have something to show for the years of his life. So he gathers his courage and jumps. And having taken the jump he finds that he has kissed good-bye to ease and peace for a long long time.

Skilled workmen alone cannot operate a business. There must be a leader. He must organize a process, train employees, search the world for raw materials, win recognition and acceptance in the markets, meet the daily menace of competition, find each week the pay for hundreds who could not live without it, shoulder the heavy load of taxation, and finally earn a fair return for those who have trusted him with their savings.

The higher up he gets the harder it is to stay. For any business is a growing, living organism. It is never completed . . . never safe.

What does it get him?

By actual statistics, he has one chance in a hundred of moderate wealth; one chance in four of a living; a bare chance of keeping the business going for more than six years.

And as he succeeds, the affairs and responsibilities of the community are added to his load. With others he is expected to plan and work to make his a better city . . . with better streets and schools, fewer slums, a finer hospital, more useful churches, less sickness and hardship.

During the past four years, thousands of business men have lost all that they made in prosperous years because they refused to close up unprofitable enterprises and throw employees out of work. There are few who would not be vastly better off today if they had quit four years ago and bought government bonds.

But the kind of man who starts a business is rarely a quitter. He may fail, but he doesn't curl up. He is not a vocalist. As a general thing he takes abuse without much grumbling or complaint. If he is beaten, he gathers the pieces together and tries again.

In a recent editorial, Bruce Barton quoted a prominent business man as follows: "Our point of view is that the *times are the times*. We cannot change them. We can only accept them and keep busy trying to better our products and adapt our methods to whatever conditions prevail."

In the business men of America lives the spirit that made America. It is their courage and enterprise and faith which built our cities, created vast utilities, erected industries employing millions, and brought about a manner of living and a horizon of opportunity which the world had never known and knows nowhere else.

Remington Rand is proud of the part that it plays in aiding business men to get the facts on which they base their decisions—promptly, accurately.

Remington Rand designs and manufactures a complete line of record forms, equipment, typewriters and accounting machines. Therefore it can accept full responsibility for organizing and installing a complete business method, each part of which functions smoothly and economically.

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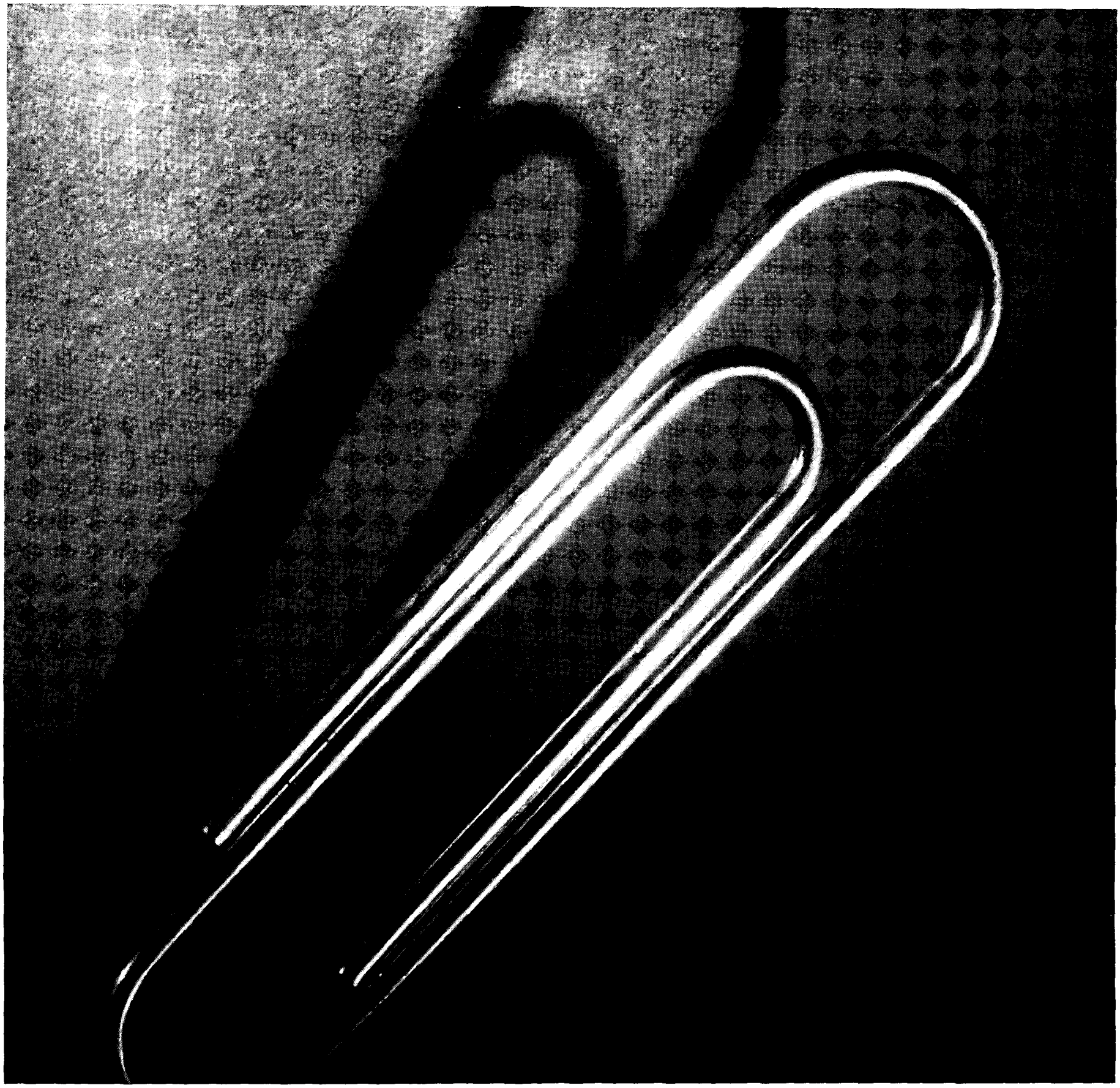

THEY give a piece of wire a special twist, to make it hold. That's what the editors give The American Magazine—a special twist. A simple thing, yet so rare that only a few publications have it...that editorial twist which holds readers and gets advertising results.

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The Man who Saved the World

Continued from page 17

loosely-built but pleasant-looking lad, drew a deep sigh of content as he lit his pipe.

"Well, I don't know what you were in such a devil of a hurry to see me for, Martin, old chap," he observed, "but it is pretty well worth it even if they dock me the three days off my leave. French champagne tastes all wrong in Italy, and though the food is good enough for a time, it's monotonous—too many *pâtés* and knickknacks for my taste. This is like New York again."

"You always were fond of New York, weren't you, Micky?" his brother remarked speculatively.

"I'll say so," the boy assented. "New York and the summer life on Long Island should be good enough for anybody."

"I'm glad."

"What the devil do you mean?" Micky demanded, with a match hovering over the bowl of his pipe.

"I mean that I think you would be better out of this diplomatic business, young fellow," his brother said. "I want you to post your resignation to Washington tonight."

The match burned out between the lad's fingers. He laid down his pipe and stared.

"For the love of Mike, what are you talking about, Martin?"

"You are too susceptible for your job, Micky," was the grave reply. "A little too credulous."

"Gee!" the young man muttered under his breath.

"I came across the Princess di Vasena last night," Fawley confided. "I am not going to say hard things about her because, after all, I am in the same job myself and if we take it on at all we have to go right through with it. It happens that there is something that she wants very badly from me just now and she tried to bargain for it with a copy of those cables you sent her, Micky."

"Are you telling me, Martin," the boy cried in horror, "that the Princess di Vasena—?"

"Come, come," Fawley interrupted. "Don't make such a tragedy of it, Micky. There is no actual mischief done, I am glad to say, but that—to put it plainly—is not your fault."

Micky was petrified into a stark and paralyzed silence. His hands were gripping the side of the table. He was ghastly pale. Fawley leaned over for a cigarette and lit it.

"There is just one rough word to be said, Micky," he continued, "and you can guess how I hate to say it, but it is better to get it over. You have offended against the code. You have to pay. It will be my business to see that no one knows anything about it, but you must post your resignation to Washington tonight and you must catch—let me see, I think it is the Superba the day after tomorrow for New York."

Micky picked up his pipe, relit it and smoked for a moment or two in silence. He came of good stock. He showed no signs of whimpering.

"You are dead right, Martin," he blurted out at last. "I don't know how I came to do it. It was not as though she vamped me, made any promises or that sort of thing. I was simply crazy."

"Never mind, old chap," his brother remarked consolingly, "the thing is over and done with and so, perhaps fortunately, is your diplomatic career. You were not cut out for it. Fortunately, those cables did not tell the princess what she wanted to know. There is no real harm done—only a great principle broken. I hope we will see you over this side again, Micky, for the Walker Cup next year. You are a good lad but I think you are better at golf than at diplomacy."

MICKY walked over to the writing-table and drew out a sheet of paper.

"Dictate, Martin," he invited.

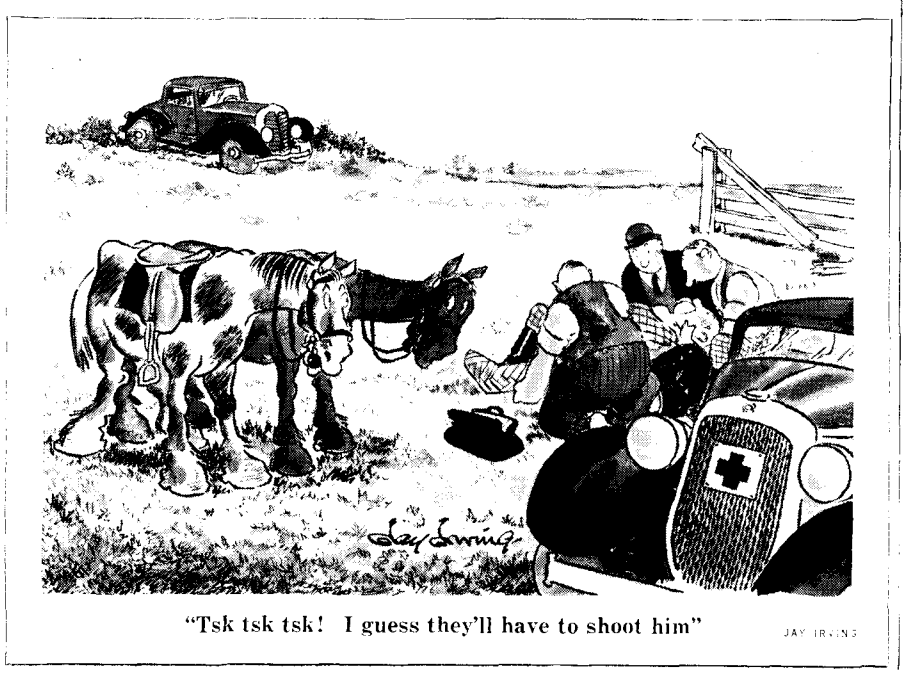
Fawley stood at the window looking out with his hands behind him. He knew precisely how much of his brother's composure was assumed and he took care to keep his face averted.

"To Q. D. A. S., Department 137, Washington. Michael Fawley third secretary Rome begs leave tender resignation stop Important family business stop Confirmation by letter follows stop Leave of absence already granted."

"Who has given me leave of absence?" the boy asked, looking up.

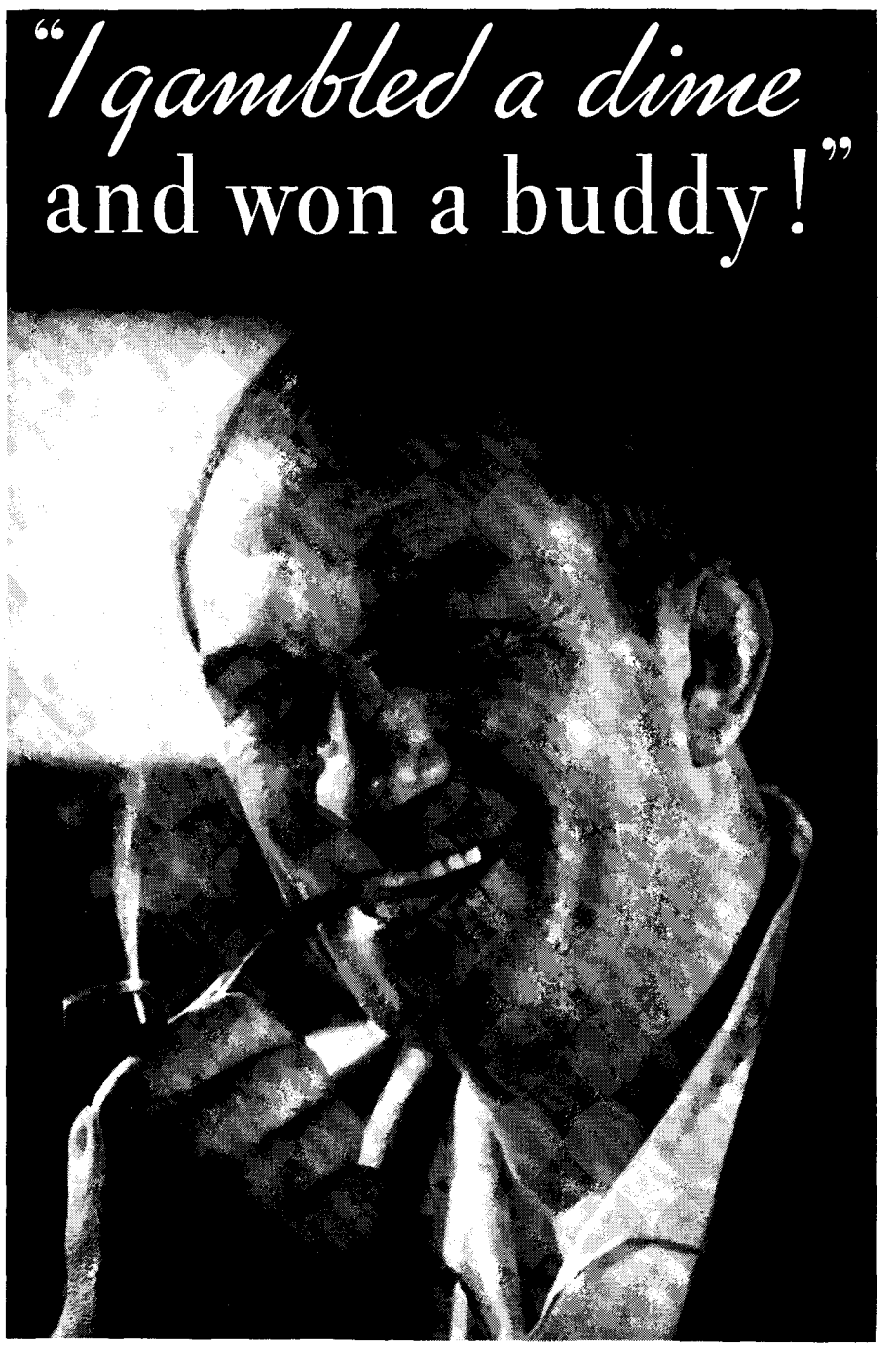
"Douglas Miller over here is able to deal with all these slight matters. Your chief, as you know, is on the high seas. I told Miller what is quite true, that your family affairs at home were in the devil of a mess. You have far too much money, you know, Martin, like all of us, and he agreed to your getting out at once. There has not been a suspicion

(Continued on page 34)



"Tsk tsk tsk! I guess they'll have to shoot him" JAY IRWIN

"I gambled a dime and won a buddy!"

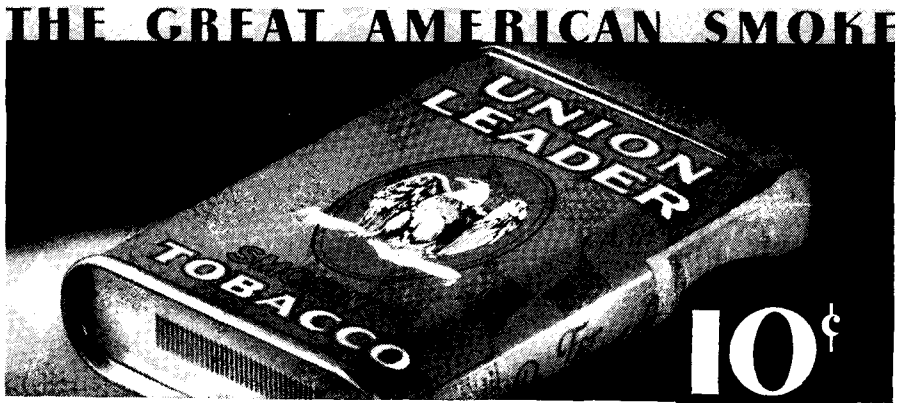


VICTOR MCLAGLEN . . . popular Fox Pictures star

THE first Union Leader tobacco I ever saw was smoked by an extra, on location. He said he smoked it because he got so much for 10¢. But he looked as though he thoroughly enjoyed it, so I thought I'd gamble a dime and buy a tin of Union Leader myself. I was not disappointed. Man! What mellow Kentucky Burley! Union Leader has been a buddy of mine ever since. It's much more appealing to *my* taste and costs much less than my former brand. (I like it in cigarettes, too.)

UNION LEADER

THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE



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helps the wish come true

All planes of the country's major airlines are equipped with Western Electric Radio which assures dependable two-way voice communications between planes in flight and ground stations.

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Leadership in aviation communication has come to Western Electric through long experience in the field of sound transmission. Bell Telephone apparatus, broadcasting equipment, police and marine radio telephone, sound amplifying and distributing systems, the Audiphone for the hard-of-hearing—all are dependable products from the same workshops.

Western Electric

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LEADERS IN SOUND TRANSMISSION APPARATUS

(Continued from page 33)

of anything else. There never will be unless you give it away yourself."

"And the princess?" the boy faltered hopelessly. "Shan't I ever see her again?"

Fawley made no reply for the moment, then he swung slowly round in his chair. Micky, the personification of rather sulky boyhood, was leaning back on the divan with his hands in his pockets.

"How old are you, Micky?" he asked.

"Twenty-two."

"The princess is thirty-two," Fawley confided. "There is nothing in the world to be said against her. She is noted throughout Europe as a woman of great charm and many accomplishments. She has, also, a little more brain than is good for her. I do not fancy that she has much use for boys, Micky, except when she can make use of them."

"Rubbing it in, aren't you?" the other muttered.

"For your own good, young fellow."

"I can look after myself," the boy grumbled.

"On Long Island, yes. At Newport, very likely. At any petting party at Bar Harbor I think you might be a star. But over here you are a trifle out of the game, Micky. We experienced ones have to don our armor when we come up against women like Elida."

"Hello!" Micky exclaimed. "Do you call her by her Christian name?"

"A slip of the tongue," Fawley confessed. "All the same, we have met quite a number of times lately. I don't mind telling you, Micky, in confidence that she is the only woman who has ever tempted me to wish that I had never taken on my particular branch of work."

The younger man whistled softly. He was rather a cub in some matters but he was honestly fond of his brother.

"Why don't you chuck it and marry her, then?" he asked.

Fawley smiled a little sadly.

"Mine is just one of those professions, Micky," he said, "which are pretty difficult to chuck. When you are once in it you are in it for good or for evil. If you once leave—"

Jenkins presented himself upon the threshold. He stood on one side as he opened the door.

"The Princess di Vasena, sir," he announced.

IT WAS evident from the moment of her entrance that Elida was not entirely her usual composed self. She was breathing rapidly as though she had run up the stairs. Her eyes darted restlessly round the room. The sight of Micky in no way discomposed her. She drew a sigh of relief as though the thing which she had feared to see was absent. She nodded to the young man as she held out her hand to Fawley.

"You see that my brother is here to answer for his sins," he remarked.

She sank into a chair.

"Poor Micky!" she exclaimed. "Some day I hope he will forgive me when he understands."

"Oh, I forgive you, all right," Micky conceded. "I was just an ass. Didn't quite understand what I was doing, I suppose."

"Do any of us?" she lamented. "Please give me a cigarette, Martin. You have, perhaps, some brandy. I have been greatly disturbed and I am not well."

Fawley produced cigarettes, touched the bell and ordered the liquor. Elida took one sip and set the glass down. She looked half fearfully at her host.

"The little girl of Krust—Greta—she has not been here?"

"Not that I know of," Fawley assured her. "I have not seen her since I left Berlin."

"Nor Krust? Nor Maurice von Thal?"

"Not one of them."

She seemed a trifle relieved. She threw open her cloak a little and tapped a cigarette upon the table. Her eyes were still full of trouble.

"I am almost afraid to ask my next question," she confessed. "Pietro Patoni?"

Fawley shook his head. This time he was bewildered but grave. If Patoni was in London there might indeed be trouble.

"I have not seen him," he assured Elida, "since I was in Rome."

Elida took another sip of her *fine*, lit a second cigarette and relaxed. A slight tinge of color came into her cheeks. Her eyes had lost their tiredness. She looked at Fawley.

"Please do not try to mislead me any more," she begged. "I understand that I may not have your confidence—perhaps I do not deserve it—but you need not try to throw dust in my eyes. There is something I wish to ask you."

She glanced at Micky and hesitated. He rose to his feet.

"I will be toddling off, Martin," he announced. "Good night, Princess."

"No ill will, Mister Micky?" she asked, smiling. "Those cables were terribly uninteresting. They did me no good whatever."

He made a wry face.

SHE waited patiently until the door was closed behind him, then she turned almost hysterically to Fawley.

"Why have you not reported to Berati?" she cried breathlessly. "Tell me what has brought you here. Do you know that you are in danger?"

"No, I don't think I realized that," he answered. "One always has to watch one's step, of course. I did not go back to Berati because I had not finished my job."

"What part of it have you to finish here in England?" she demanded.

"I had most of my clothes stolen in Berlin," he confided. "I had to come and visit my tailor."

"Is that sort of thing worth while with me?" she protested. "Do you not understand that I have come here to warn you?"

He smiled.

"This is London," he told her. "I am in sanctuary."

"Do you really believe that?"

"Of course I do."

Elida shook her head. She seemed very tired.

"That man Berati is always right," she lamented. "He told me that the ideal secret service man or woman did not exist. They are all either too brave or too cowardly. If you have no fear you have no caution. If you have no caution you are to be caught by the heels. Very well. For you, perhaps, that may be nothing. Life must end with all of us, but for your work it is finality. The knowledge you have acquired is lost. You are a failure."

"You really have a great gift of intelligence, Elida," Fawley declared in a noncommittal tone.

"It does not amount to intelligence," she objected. "It is common sense. Very well. Let us continue. You think that you are safe in London when you have failed to report to Berati, when there are rumors going about in Rome that you are not to be trusted, that you have all the time been working for a cause of your own concerning which no one knows anything. Italy has sent over her spies. They are here now. In Germany they have the same distrust. Krust has given word that you are to be removed, and Krust has more assassins at his back than any man in the world. Maurice von Thal swore only three nights ago that this next time he would not fail. Even Behrling has doubts of you! In France it is almost as bad. They suspect you of double

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espionage and of selling some great secret of theirs of which even I know nothing."

"It all sounds very unpleasant," Fawley murmured under his breath.

She took a cigarette from the box. Her slim, beautiful fingers were shaking so that she lit it with difficulty. Fawley bent over her and steadied her hand. She looked up at him pathetically.

"Now I shall qualify for the executioner's bullet," she went on. "There is one of Berati's spies outside on the pavement at the present moment. Another one has applied for a position as valet in this building. I do not say that either of these men has instructions to proceed to extremes. I do not know. This I do know: they are to keep a faithful record of your movements hour by hour and minute by minute. Patoni, on the other hand, scoffs at such mildness. He, like Maurice, has sworn to kill you on sight. Krust's men have the same instructions, and they are clever—diabolically clever. You will see that the situation is not wholly agreeable, my friend."

"It certainly is not," was the grim reply.

"So now again I ask you," Elida continued, "what are you doing in London, Martin, when you should be in Rome? You acquired a great deal of information in Berlin which Berati needs. You are his man. What are you doing in London?"

"That I cannot tell you just yet," Fawley said gravely. "But, Elida, believe me when I tell you that I am not working for the harm of Italy or Germany or France. I may not have kept my word to the letter with any one of these countries, or rather with their representatives to whom I have talked, but I have been aiming at great things. If the great things come it does not matter what happens to me. And they may come. In the meantime I can do so little. A single false movement and calamity might follow."

"You speak in riddles," Elida faltered, "but I trust you, Martin. None of the others do. I trust you, dear Martin. If I could help—if I could save you—I would give my life!"

For a moment he took her lightly and reverently, yet with a faint touch of the lover, into his arms. The worn look passed from her face. Her eyes suddenly lost their terrified gleam, a tremor of joy seemed to pass through her body. He drew quietly away but he kept her hand in his.

"Tell me," he asked, "are you here officially?"

She shook her head.

"They do not trust me any more," she confided.

"Then why are you here?" he persisted.

SHE lifted her eyes. Since these last few minutes they were so soft and sweet, so full of expression, that at that moment she was entirely and utterly convincing.

"Because I am such a big fool. Because I like to see you. Because I knew that you were in danger on every side. I had to tell you. You must have thought me such an ordinary little adventuress," she said wistfully. "You will forgive me for that? All that I wanted to know I wanted to know for your sake—that I might help you—"

The door was suddenly half flung, half kicked open. Micky, in his pajamas, swayed upon the threshold. All his fresh color had gone. He was gripping the edge of the door as though for support. There was an ugly splash of color on his chest.

"Fellow in your room, Martin," he faltered. "Room—Jenkins told me I was to sleep. Must have been—hiding somewhere."

Fawley half carried, half dragged his brother to a couch. Elida sprang to the bell and kept her finger upon it.

"Did you see the fellow, Micky?" Fawley asked.

"Looked like a foreigner. He came out from behind the wardrobe—only a few feet away—and shot at me just as I was getting into bed."

Fawley gave swift orders to Jenkins, who was already in the room. Elida had possessed herself of a shirt and was making a bandage.

"There will be a doctor here in a minute, Micky," his brother said. "Close your eyes. I must have a look. Elida is there making a bandage for you. Missed your heart, thank God," he went on. "Don't faint, old chap. I can't give you a drink but I am going to rub some brandy on your lips. God, what a fool I was to let you sleep in my room!"

"An undersized little rat," Micky gasped, with feeble indignation. "I could have squeezed the life out of him if he'd given me the chance. He turned out the lights and stole up behind. What are you in trouble with the Italians for, Martin?"

"You think he was an Italian, then?"

"Sure. What about the police?"

Fawley shook his head.

"We ought to send for them, I suppose, but it is not altogether etiquette in the profession."

"Am I in one of your jobs, then, Martin?" the boy asked with a weak grin.

"Looks like it," his brother assented. "I'm terribly sorry. It was Jenkins' fault, putting you in there. You were not prepared, of course."

"Well, I didn't think it was necessary to hold a gun in your right hand and untie your tie with the left in London," Micky grumbled.

THEN the door swung open. The man with the bald head, the beady eyes and the long jaw stood upon the threshold. He seemed to grasp the situation in a moment. With an impatient turn of the shoulder he threw back the long evening cape he was wearing. His hand flashed out just too late. He was looking into the muzzle of Fawley's steadily held and vicious-looking revolver.

"That won't do here, Patoni," the latter said in a voice such as no one in the room had ever heard him use before. "Drop your gun. Before I count three, mind. There's going to be none of that sort of thing. One—two—"

Patoni's weapon fell smoothly on to the carpet. Fawley kicked it towards Elida, who stooped and picked it up. From outside they heard the rattle of the lift.

"That's the doctor," Fawley announced. "Micky, can you get back to your room? You will find Jenkins there to help you."

"I guess so," the young man replied, moving unsteadily towards the door.

"An accident, remember," Fawley continued. "You were unpacking your gun and it went off—shaking a cartridge out or anything you like. The doctor won't be too particular. He leaves that sort of thing to the police and we don't want the police in on this."

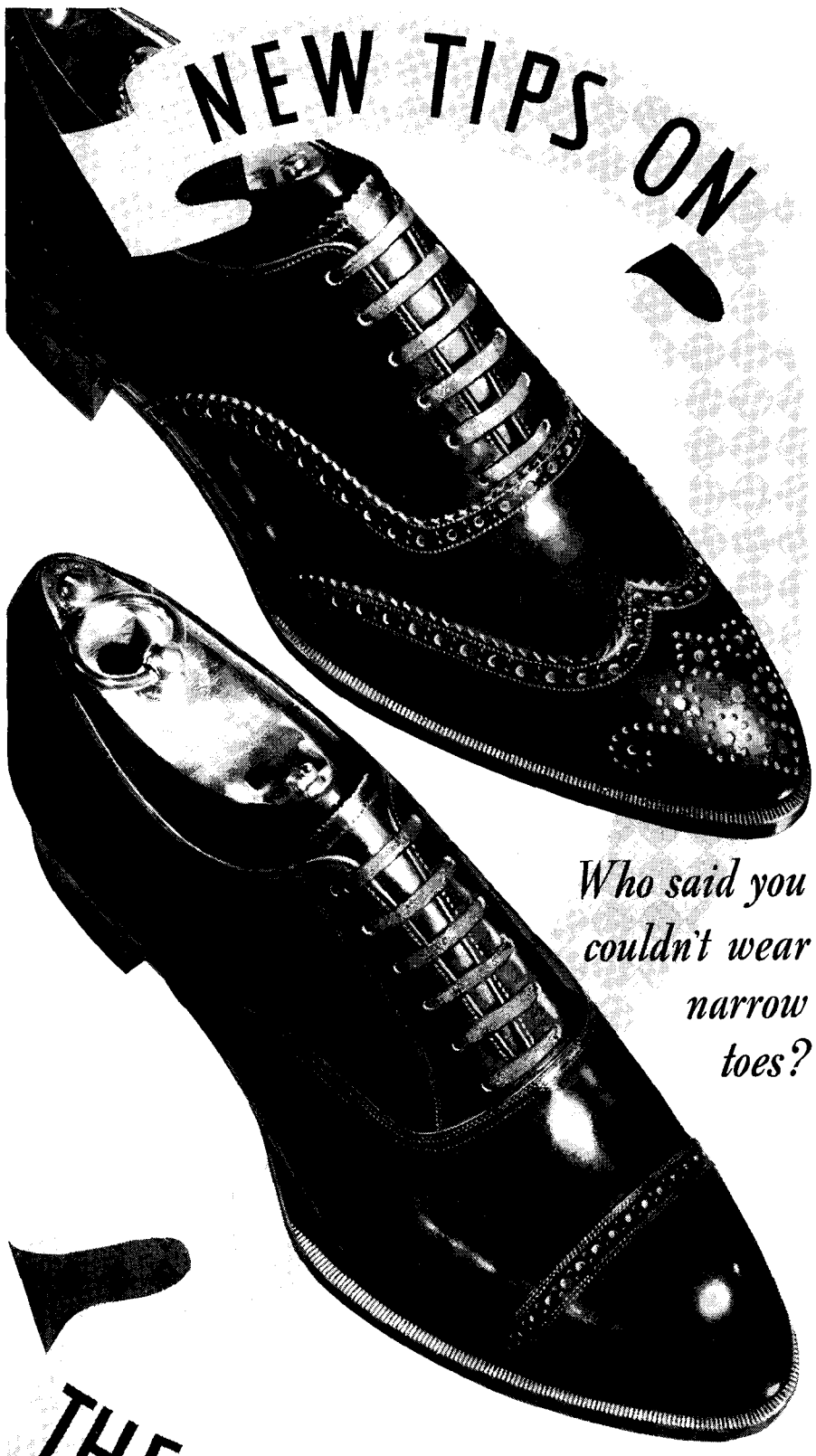
There were hurried footsteps outside and the door was thrown open. Jenkins was there, the doctor, the liftman. Micky staggered towards them.

"Take Mr. Michael into my room, Jenkins," Fawley ordered. "Let the doctor examine him there and report. I have looked at the wound. I do not think it is dangerous. Close the door and leave us."

Fawley's voice was not unduly raised but some quality in it seemed to compel obedience. They all disappeared. Elida, obeying a gesture from him, closed the door. He pointed to a chair.

"Sit down, Prince," he directed.

(To be continued next week)



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The Perfect Prisoner

Continued from page 26

Kathleen joined him, muffled in a voluminous fur coat, with a blue silk muffler around her throat and a tight-fitting little blue hat that did strange things to her eyes. The big dog followed her out and gave Jeff a hostile, yellow-eyed glance. He sniffed. He growled.

"Not sure of you yet," commented Kathleen. "Neither am I, for that matter."

"I'm really not a bad guy," he assured her. "Of course, I make my mistakes, but they're getting fewer with the passing years. Why, I'm steady and reliable as Plymouth Rock. 'Twas not ever thus, I admit, but—"

"Speaking of New Haven," Kathleen said delicately.

Jeff laughed, and slid the car into gear. They made New Haven in forty minutes, traffic and all.

They arrived at the Bowl, swept along in a huge tide of humanity. Kathleen linked her arm in his. He felt an absurdly tingling thrill as she pressed close to him through the throng. He was secretly rather proud of the quick, efficient way, born of experience, that he got her into the stadium.

It was doubtful whether Jeff Clifford, ace sports commentator, could have bettered the job of the paroled Mr. Barrymore. He knew who every player was, he told Kathleen what back was carrying the ball and why he was flopped for no gain or barged through to cheers and thumps on the bass drums. Through his keen perception and inspired enthusiasm it became more than a mere football game—it took its place as a vivid, colorful part of a vivid and colorful day.

"You seem to know football from the ground up," she smiled, as together they sympathetically waited for a tired Yale team to come out of a short respite.

"Six years ago," Jeff said dreamily, "I was down on that field."

"Six years ago," she remarked, "I went from school in Farmington to sit in the stands, pretty nearly thrilled to pieces." Her glance was whimsical as it rested upon him. "What was the name again?"

Ronald Barrymore! Why the heck had he picked that one? Naturally, she knew it wasn't his name. He'd been smart, too smart, and he'd outsmarted himself. Because now he hesitated—*afraid to risk losing the glow of a moment* that had become filled with charm. After all, she might feel pretty darned silly, and he didn't want that to happen.

So he was very relieved at the intervention of a huge, thunderous cheer going up as the game started again. Kathleen apparently lost all interest in further attempts at identification.

A FEW miles from New Haven they stopped in at the famous College Inn roadhouse on their way back to Millerand. Victory pervaded the atmosphere. There were music, dancing, and crowds of people making friends over informal supper tables, slapping each other on the back, bending the elbow in high good fellowship before a great open fire.

"Just to make the day complete," Jeff said. "And then heigh-ho for home, Mother and jail."

"Oh, don't, please," she begged. "I've had such a wonderful time you make me feel sort of low-down talking about jail. Honestly."

The note in her voice caught Jeff's ear. He looked at her. He sat her down at a table and drew his chair up close.

"Listen, Kathleen," he said urgently, "it's been the best day of my life. And do you know why? Because for years I've been hoping to meet a swell girl like you—"

He paused. Nay, more, he stopped breathing. Ray Curry was standing by their table, beaming, and Ray was carrying quite a respectable snootful. Jeff would a sight rather have seen Frankenstein, Dracula & Co.

"Well!" hailed Ray. "So here you are, huh? Say, where the heck have you been? The Amalgamated sent Barnes up to broadcast. That pain in the neck, Barnes. You know, Barnes, the pain in the neck."

IT WAS all settled that Barnes of the Amalgamated was a pain in the neck.

"Listen," said Jeff, beginning to feel as though he were slipping off the side of a house.

"Barnes," pronounced Ray in disgust, "is a pain in the neck. He said you were probably cockeyed somewhere, but I told him you were just after some dope for your column, and furthermore what business was it of his anyhow? You were detained by business—that's what I told Barnes, that pain in the neck."

"Listen," began Jeff again. "Will you shut up a minute? I wasn't on business. I was in jail for speed—listen, Ray, this is Miss O'Hara—"

His amiable colleague beamed some more.

"Sure it is," he agreed. "Don't you think I remember Miss O'Hara?" He hauled up a chair and sat down. "Say, Jeff did better for himself than I'd have thought. After that hot letter you wrote him I never expected to see him get to first base. Why, he went out of the office loaded for bear." He grinned at her. "I hope you didn't do or say anything that might be used against you, because Jeff's like an elephant—yes, sir, he never forgets. Yea, bo."

Kathleen looked at Jeffry Clifford. She looked at him very thoughtfully.

"Name, please."

It was the court again all right, this time the most uncomfortable court he'd ever been in, with a voice that immediately put him on trial.

"Jeff Clifford," he said. And then he tried to explain—something. He didn't know quite how to get started. He had *so much to say.*

The girl stopped him before he was really started. Her smile was a brief, cool flash.

"Heavens, don't get so excited," she said. "What possible difference does it make?"

"You mean to say," Jeff asked in amazement, "it doesn't make any difference?"

"Not in the slightest. Pardon me while I powder my nose."

She nodded politely, rose, and left the table. Jeff stared after her until she had vanished across the floor, then turned to Curry.

"You big idiot," he said heatedly. "You talked as though I was trying to fill a column on her."

"That's a nice thing to say," Ray announced with dignity. "After the way I told Barnes off, that pain in the neck—"

Jeff said nothing. He let Ray Curry rattle on, and glanced at his wrist watch fifteen times in the next ten minutes. This was beginning to look ominous.

Another ten minutes passed without her return and then he knew she wasn't coming back at all. He got up from the table.

"Where you going?" inquired Curry amiably. "The party's just starting."

"The party's over," sighed Jeff. "And how! See you in jail."

The doorman informed him that a young woman had left in a taxi about twenty minutes ago. Jeff went for his car in a hurry.

It was quite dark when his headlights turned up the O'Hara driveway shortly afterward. He jumped out of the car and hastened toward the front door.

Suddenly there was a low growl and something stampeded out at him in leaps and bounds from the shadows. Jeff didn't stop to investigate. He didn't even have time to reach his car. Instead he leaped for the low-hanging branch of a tree near the house and hauled himself up to safety as an unfriendly animal with four legs and clicking jaws missed his right leg by a quarter of an inch.

Perched precariously on the limb he looked down at a pair of gleaming eyes, and was treated to a serenade of guttural barks.

"Aw, go away," pleaded Jeff. "Aren't things bad enough without you?"

The dog refused to listen to reason. He improved on his vocal volume until a broad shaft of light shot out from the house as the door opened. The girl came out and looked around, somewhat mystified.

"Up here," Jeff called. "In the tree."

She placed her hands on her hips and contemplated him unemotionally.

"You, eh? Don't you know you're supposed to be in jail?"

"I know it," said Jeff. "But, honest, Kathleen, I couldn't go back there without seeing you first. I didn't mean what I said about Women in Sports—"

"I don't care about that," she interrupted. "Mr. Clifford, I used to admire you tremendously. Sight unseen, of course, but in all your work you had the qualities of a courageous fighter. And you were always a sportsman. Even when I resented some of your remarks I felt that you were only saying what you might have had some reason for thinking was right."

THERE was a pause. Jeff itched to get in some words on the subject, but Kathleen silenced him with a quick, slim hand.

"You can write what you darned please," she resumed briefly. "That's none of my business. But to snipe at me from ambush and ruin a perfect day was unfair and unsporting."

"I didn't snipe at you," declared Jeff. He nearly fell out of the tree in the vigor of his denial, and just saved himself by flinging both arms around the trunk. "I mean I started out to, but when I saw what a swell girl you were, I—well, I wouldn't have written anything about you if you'd given me enough material for a million columns."

Kathleen shrugged.

"As I said before—what difference does it make?"

"Plenty," Jeff assured her fervently. "I was just starting to tell you when that blundering dolt Curry barged in—I'm crazy about you. I think you're the most marvelous person I've ever met—"

"I repeat," declared the girl, "that it really doesn't make the slightest difference. You gave me a nice buggy ride and I suppose the history of this day will be published along with my letter for the edification of your following."

Jeff gritted his teeth. If he could only get down from this fool tree. He said so, in accents loud and clear.

"You can," said the girl.

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She whistled sharply to the predatory canine and he retreated to her side with a last hungry look at Jeff's trouser leg.

"All right," said Kathleen, "you can come down safely. But I'd advise you not to hang around the house."

"Thank you very much," said Jeff.

"You're welcome," she said, and went into the house and shut the door.

Jeff climaxed the disastrous evening by losing six straight games of dominoes with the deputy.

HAVING settled his debt to the town of Millerand he drove eagerly up to her house the next morning and found the big hound lying before the front door with a truculent curve to his jaws. There was also a police motorcycle in the driveway. Some lucky stiff had been pinched for speeding, maybe.

He blew his horn loudly and long. After all, there wasn't much good sense in venturing out of the car. He wouldn't accomplish much with a piece chewed out of his leg.

Nobody came to the front door, but after a tremendous and prolonged blast of the horn like to wake the dead a window of the living-room went up and the police officer, Tuohey, leaned out.

"Was you wantin' somethin'?" he inquired.

"Would you mind," Jeff requested, "taking your head out of that aperture and substituting therefor Miss O'Hara's?"

The officer vanished and returned with the word that the justice was busy.

Jeff sighed.

"Well, will you take a message for me?"

"Sure, Mac. Spill it."

Jeff took a breath and expanded his lungs.

"Tell Miss O'Hara," he bawled lustily, "that I'll never love anybody else as long as I live. Tell her that six years ago a whole damn' stadium groaned when a certain man threw a cockeyed forward pass that cost a touchdown. They wanted his scalp, but the coach left him in there, and a certain schoolgirl from Farmington knows who won that game!"

"Hey!" protested the officer. "I ain't deaf."

Jeff inhaled deeply again and went into action with a force that should have shivered the window panes.

"Tell Miss O'Hara," he roared, "that I thrive on better acquaintance and all I need is a second chance to prove it, and I still think she's wonderful!"

His breath gave out and he subsided limply behind the wheel, nearly blue in the face.

"Why should I tell her?" said the officer disgustedly. "You told the whole country."

HE WITHDREW his head and shut the window. Jeff waited a few minutes, then resignedly switched on the ignition, and took a last look at the comfortable, rambling old house.

"*Ave atque vale*," he murmured. "Well, I must have *been* good."

He shifted into gear and rolled slowly down the drive. It was a grand, clear Sunday morning. A stream of people were coming out of the white church as he passed and the bell was pealing forth peace on earth, good will to men, excluding the obnoxious Mr. Clifford. The lawns were swimming in the last autumn foliage, and Jeff turned out on the state highway just as a pigeon landed on top of the Civil War monument.

He drove slowly, as if hating to leave, his snap-brim hat down over his eyes, one hand steady on the big wheel, the other jammed disconsolately in his coat pocket.

"I may be a newspaper-man," he told a certain gray-eyed girl, "but I'm human. Doggoned if I'm not."

The sound of a motorcycle coming up on him fast caused him to raise his eyes to the windshield mirror. The gentleman on the motorcycle looked something like Officer Tuohey of Millerand township.

It was Tuohey all right. He pulled up by Jeff's side and kicked out the wheel guard.

"Hello," Jeff greeted, "and what have I done now? Run over a chicken?"

Tuohey looked a little abashed.

"Listen," he said, "don't blame me. I didn't know that these fool laws still existed, but anyhow I got a warrant for your arrest." He hauled a paper out of an inside pocket. "Traveling on Sunday."

Jeff started violently.

"Listen," Tuohey told him, "I said not to blame me. All I know is that the justice said it was a violation of the Statute of 1848. No traveling on Sunday and I got to bring you back."

Jeff took the warrant and found that he most certainly had disobeyed the Statute of 1848 expressly forbidding "on the first day of the week called Sunday, shooting, sporting, playing, frequenting tippling-houses and traveling without due dispensation from the magistrate. The penalty is one dollar and the offender must be at the age of fourteen or more."

"This," he said, dazed, "beats me."

Tuohey lifted his cap to scratch his head.

"She's dusted off some queer ones for you, an' that's a fact," he agreed. "But listen, mister, she's a swell gal an' what she says goes. Only," he added helplessly, "I don't know what's got into her now—she must have somethin' on her mind."

JEFF felt a grateful return of a warm, comfortable, little glow. He began to twist the wheel, smiling warmly on Officer Tuohey.

"It certainly is tough," he affirmed, "to be arrested on a beautiful Sunday by a 'swell gal' with something on her mind. Let's hope she doesn't find a law against it before I get there."

He swerved around and with an explosive roar of the exhaust started heading back for Millerand. Tuohey gauged his speed suspiciously a moment, a gleam of battle coming into his eyes. Then he decided to be philosophical about the whole business. He leaned against his motorcycle and speculated on statutes and things.

Jeff went by the Civil War monument with a friendly toot for the pigeon. He whipped past the white church, making a mental note that never had he heard bells so beautiful, so silvery, so musical. He arrived in the O'Hara driveway to find the big dog still lying before the door.

Jeff thought he had never seen such a fine dog, so faithful, so friendly. Ace of canines!

The door opened as he approached. A slim hand reached out and hastily grabbed the ace of canines by the collar. Kathleen O'Hara was in the doorway. She surveyed Jeff gravely, but with the hint of a quiver at the corners of her mouth.

"Were you going away somewhere, Mr. Clifford?" she inquired.

Jeff tried to say something, got his signals mixed, and had to start all over again. He drew a deep breath and the girl flung up a beseeching hand.

"Oh, please, darling," she said urgently, "don't shout. If you think you're too far away—"

Jeff certainly did. His solution of the problem necessitated several rapid forward steps. The dog sniffed tentatively at a familiar trouser leg and then wisely concluded to be Man's Best Friend. There didn't seem to be any law against it.

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DOLLAR
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Woman in Love

Continued from page 19

and beams that supported the cameras and the lights. The whole was littered with chairs, properties, rubbish, ropes, wires—all the impedimenta of the deserted sets. The back of a library wall would be oddly furnished with lacy curtains and the ruins of a luxurious dressing-table. In the center of a conscientiously constructed peasant's cottage a billiard table and a portrait of George Washington might be inexplicably abandoned.

There was silence, hot silence and hot shadow everywhere. From the open spaces under the roof's girders, beams of hot light were filtering, were burning on the hot iron. Tamara threaded her way through the confusion, seeing only a solitary painter or carpenter here and there, busy with the fabrication of new backgrounds: baronial stairways, Cuban coffee shops, collapsible wrecks of motor cars. A man and a girl in bathing suits were eating ice-cream cones on a Napoleonic divan.

OUT of sight behind all the walls and doors a jargon of voices and the interrupted strains of weak violin and piano music could be heard. Tamara turned a corner formed by the façade of an old-fashioned New York saloon, with a lamp-post bearing the words "Bowery" and "Canal Street" tottering near it, and was in the center of the active group that was engaged in the making of a moving picture.

To her left the familiar deck of The Almiris, Millionaire Cuthbertson's luxury yacht, was rising and falling spasmodically on the familiar waves. The director had told Tam what those waves cost per second many times, and she had forgotten it once again, but she was surprised to see them going full force, with their accustomed racket, when the cameras were not busy.

The Almiris was not, of course, completely represented although she was some day on the screen to seem the very queen of pleasure boats. One of the beautiful yachts now lying in San Pedro harbor was to double for The Almiris in her entirety. But here in the studio was represented only one deck, with curtained cabin windows and a businesslike wheel and with lifeboats and stacks and hatch-heads indicated only in so far as they would show as a background for beautiful little Lorraine Alsace, who was the star of "Kisses at Sea."

Lorraine was on the set now, dressed, as were the two young men who were sitting idly beside her, in exquisite evening attire. Also on the scene were the director, perspiring, gesticulating, arguing and cursing, and a dozen other persons: two of the yacht's servants in white, with sweat streaking their collars with their melting black make-up, a busy pretty girl watching and writing in a ledger on her knee, several cameramen and electricians gesturing at other men unseen high up in the camera-rigging that hung like a balloon's cage above the set, and some natives painted tobacco brown and dressed in grass skirts and chains of five-and-ten-cent store beads.

Facing the set was a jumble of cameras and a very carpet of twisted electric ropes and cords. Odd pieces of superfluous furniture had been hauled into the very center of the confusion and some score of chairs had been set about at odd angles. Most of these were occupied by actors, critics, directors. Behind them, in a fringe, stood a dozen slim boys in their shirt sleeves, ready to run errands or help shift furniture. At one side three dark, oriental-looking men played gently, dismally, on two violins and a piano; girls had gathered about them and were enthusiastic in their musical comments.

"Shut off this damn' yacht, Joe!" the director shouted, balancing himself perilously as he attempted to push the principals about into changed attitudes.

"Want the whole place to go black, Clark!" the invisible Joe shouted back angrily. Some of the young men laughed, and a lean woman, guarding a very small boy in a correct sailor attire with Almiris lettered meticulously on his cap ribbon, said sardonically to Tam: "Score one for Joe. We be'n in the dark here all morning."

"Hot, isn't it, Miss Todhunter?" the nice girl who had been checking the set observed, coming back to drop into a chair marked "Keep Off. Miss Murphy." "This retake stuff is terrible," she went on, shaking her head. "I've never seen Bill Clark like this! He was just about crying talking to Mr. Kohl."

"Was Kohl out here?" Tam asked, raising her painted eyebrows. She sat down, nodded with a half-smile to one or two of the men who chanced to glance her way, opened her sewing-bag. "How did the fight go?" she asked.

"Oh, they haven't touched it. They may get at it tomorrow."

"Haven't touched it! Why, they were all here at nine this morning and now it's nearly noon. Clark told me he wouldn't get round to the scene between Rosemary and me until late this morning. What on earth did they do all this while?"

"Well—let that life preserver alone, Oil!" the woman said, interrupting herself with a clutch at the child. "It's awfully hard on Oil," she said. "He gets so naughty, cooped up in here. I said to Clark we'd go out and set somewheres in the shade but I nearly had my head took off, I want to tell *you!* I'll tell you what they did this morning: Someone let some of that water for the splash of the waves leak down into the batteries and they short-circuited. Anyway, everything went black awhile ago, just as they were ready to shoot, and I guess we've been an hour waiting."

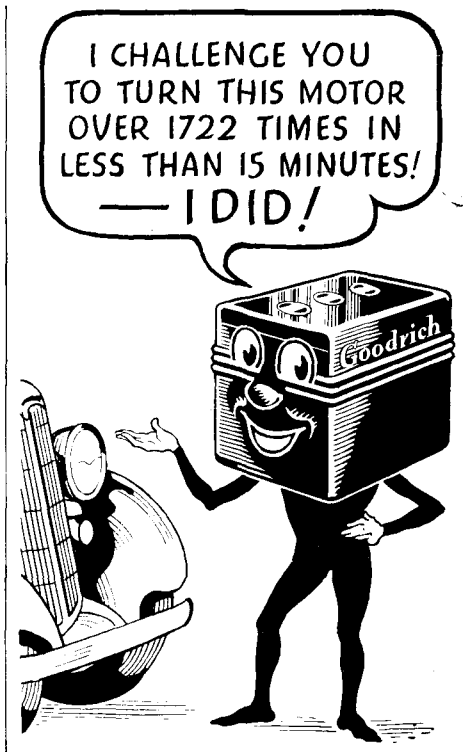
TAM knitted away quietly, her beautiful skirts gathered carefully away from the grimy floor. The music whined on, and after a while the yacht stopped its uneasy motion and the angry, low voices could be heard, men growling about the lights, men explaining, men furious with impatience and heat. The director wiped his dripping dark neck, tore away his wet collar, presented an absolutely uncivilized aspect as he came back to his chair.

High above the crowded, heated scene the autumn sun battered mercilessly on the roof. Presently a noon whistle sounded faint and shrill from somewhere outside, and other distant whistles took up the note. The yacht rocked, was still; the music whined and stopped and began again; the cameras clicked. Men sprang up with slates to get the last of the takes; slates upon which were lettered coarsely the legends "No Take" and "O. K."

"She lighted a cigarette in that scene," the quiet writing girl said.

"Shut up, what's the matter with you!" the director shouted. "What do you want to break into a take like that for? You crazy?"

"She has to have a lighted cigarette to burn his hand with," the girl persisted in the stricken silence. The director instantly transferred his fury to



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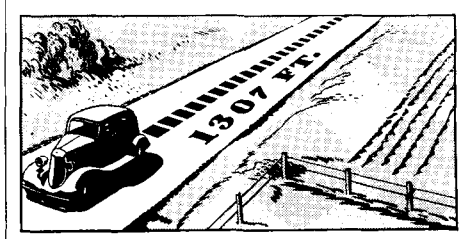

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The New Goodrich Electro-Pak Battery

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Stylepark HATS

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Large scale factory production of smart style in men's hats is impossible, because exclusiveness is an essential element of style. You can't get style at so many revolutions per minute . . . it takes talent and time. Only human hands could be responsible for the expert workmanship of Stylepark Hats... that gives that soft and pliable feeling to the felt, that permits it to fall in natural becoming angles, that brings out your best features . . . even if you are not blessed with a perfect profile.

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If your local dealer cannot supply you with a Stylepark Hat, we will be pleased to send one direct from the factory. Send size, color and style preferred.

STYLEPARK HATS, INC.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Miss Alsace. Tam went on with her knitting. She was making a sweater in a little-girl size in palest blue and dark blue. She turned the little sleeves carefully, held her work away from her as a woman quietly sewing on a New England porch might, knitted again.

At half past twelve everyone filed out to the cafeteria; glasses of brown iced tea slopped on the paper place-doilies; tuna-salad sandwiches were the fifteen-cent special. Tamara drank iced coffee slowly, reading a book; wandered afterward over the lot, clinging close to such shade as midday afforded. Afterward she went back with her book and her knitting to "Stage 14" and resumed her chair. Nothing that involved her happened; she had not expected to be used today. Lorraine became temperamental; Clark was furious; the usual white-clad visitors appeared for a few awed moments, were advised not to ask Miss Alsace for signatures now, went away.

"Alsace isn't going to get another contract," a man said to Tam.

"Who said so?"

"Jimmy Kohl did."

"She'd better not pull much more of this stuff with Clark, then," Tam said.

AT FOUR o'clock, in blazing descending light, she left her dressing-room and went out to extract her car from the lines of parked cars along the street front of the studio. Two stout, sweating, elderly men in panama suits asked her if she would like to wait for the rushes. Tam said no, that she had promised to see her mother.

She drove to a pretentious little cheap hacienda with a patio wall and a black iron lamp. Her mother, most fortunately, had her poker crowd in today; she need not stay. All these stout women wanted to do was to say, "Hello, Tam," as they dealt the new hand before murmuring among themselves, "Your talk, Lou." She kissed her mother, who observed that the weather was something awful and that Tam looked melting.

"You can imagine what the studio was today," Tam said.

"Ain't you taking The Queen's Husband on the road, Tam?" one of the women asked, after glancing at her hand and throwing it down.

"Four weeks, yes. It's my old manager, Willey. It takes me up to San Francisco around Christmas time. That's all I care about," Tam said.

"You sure are one good wife," Willette observed. "Hear from the new governor?"

"No, I'm not even writing him until he's in. I'd rather see him if I can get up to Sacramento."

"Know him, Tam?"

"No, but George's firm knows him—the Martell outfit. Oh, I don't think there's any hope," Tam said, sighing. "But you have to keep going. They say he's a holier-than-thou sort of man; I don't know."

"He's a what?" the unctuous big woman named Billy asked amusedly. Billy, as Billy Nokes, had had a brief career as a comedian in the rush era of elderly comedians a few years earlier.

"I said he was a holier-than-thou," Tam answered, smiling. "I meant he's rather unyielding—Coates."

"It's a year now, ain't it?" another woman asked.

"Nearly two years." Tam got to her feet. "We have to keep at it," she repeated patiently. "Well, girls, goodby. Cut each other's throats! Whew-w-w, isn't it hot!"

"Going home, Tam?"

"I have to go downtown first. I want some books." Tam went on her way; the back of the seat of the car struck like a flame through the thin batiste of her dress; she settled herself wearily under the wheel. The last fierce heat of the day blazed over a jaded and untidy and weary world. Downtown sidewalks were littered with the paper wrappings of candy and gum; the wilted voile dresses of stout shopping women were streaked with wet; the outlines of their corsets showed uncomfortably. Big buildings seemed to hold in the heat; soda counters were crowded, and the dirty white coats of the boys who were serving milkshakes and sundaes were spattered with chocolate and strawberry spots.

Westbound trolleys emerged from the sheds already packed with passengers; all the shabby little cars were headed westward for the ocean tonight. Tamara found welcome quiet and shade in the bookstore, stood turning over the shabby volumes. Anything about exploration or travel—anything new that was good?

The clerk knew the address. Afterwards she told the new clerk that that beautiful girl in white was Tamara Todhunter, whose husband had been district attorney in San Francisco—y'know?—and who had come into the movies just to make enough money to get him out—y'know?—and who was going to be in Lorraine Alsace's new pitcher. Those books had all gone to San Quentin.

By this time Tamara was driving homeward to Beverly Hills. She turned up a lane of palms, got out at a side door of the hotel, nodded wearily as she greeted the elevator boy. And instantly it occurred that she could make that funny in her letter to George tonight; she could remind him that no matter what the place or who the person, no one ever escaped a platitude or two with the elevator boy.

"Hot, Emil," she would quote herself as saying.

"Some hot day!" Emil would be quoted as saying in reply.

"Tomorrow they say it's going to break; this is October, after all," Tam would then counter, and she would close the report with the elevator boy's conservative "You said it. . . ."

THE weeks wheeled by. The square, impersonal hotel rooms with their plain bureaus and flat beds were all alike; the theaters were all alike; the audiences were all alike.

Sometimes, waiting in her dressing-room between acts, there were newspaper-women who wanted just a general story. "You were born into the profession, lucky you," they told Tam frankly. "Wasn't your aunt an actress? And your mother too? Is that *so!*"

And usually they added shyly: "Would you let me just say something about Mr. Davis? Of course everyone knows—"

Then Tam would say simply, "If you like to say that I shall never stop trying to get that judgment reversed—"

"No, but tell me," the reporter usually said with animation at this point, after having made a brief note to that effect, "tell me, how do you get started? I mean, they tell you Hollywood's just crammed with girls, and if you try to break into the legit there are so many experienced—"

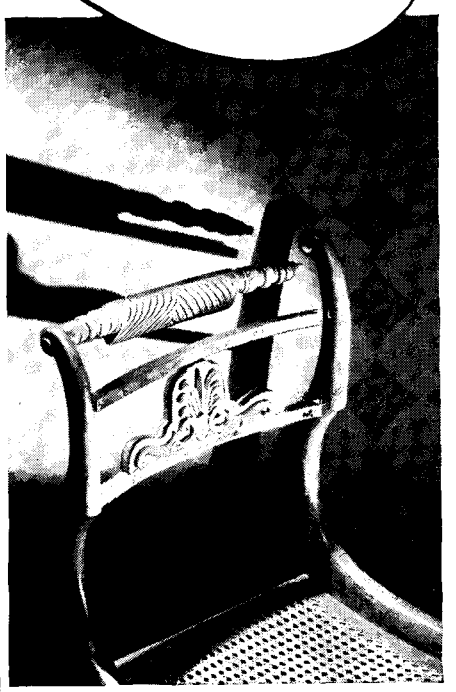
"Ah, it's a long road," Tam might say thoughtfully, touching her smooth cheek with a worn rabbit's foot.

"But you just have to adore it!" the newspaper-woman would exclaim.

"No, I don't know that you do. Certainly I never have. I haven't gotten so very far; I make a good living at it," Tam always said. "But some of the great actresses never have really loved the stage. There was an actress my aunt played with in her very first part; Georgia Cayvan, you've heard that name? She said she never loved it. And Fanny Kemble—that might make an interesting note for your article—Fanny Kemble always hated it."

(Continued on page 40)

Ruined by **DRY AIR**



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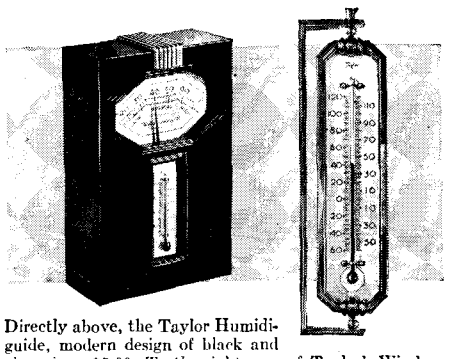

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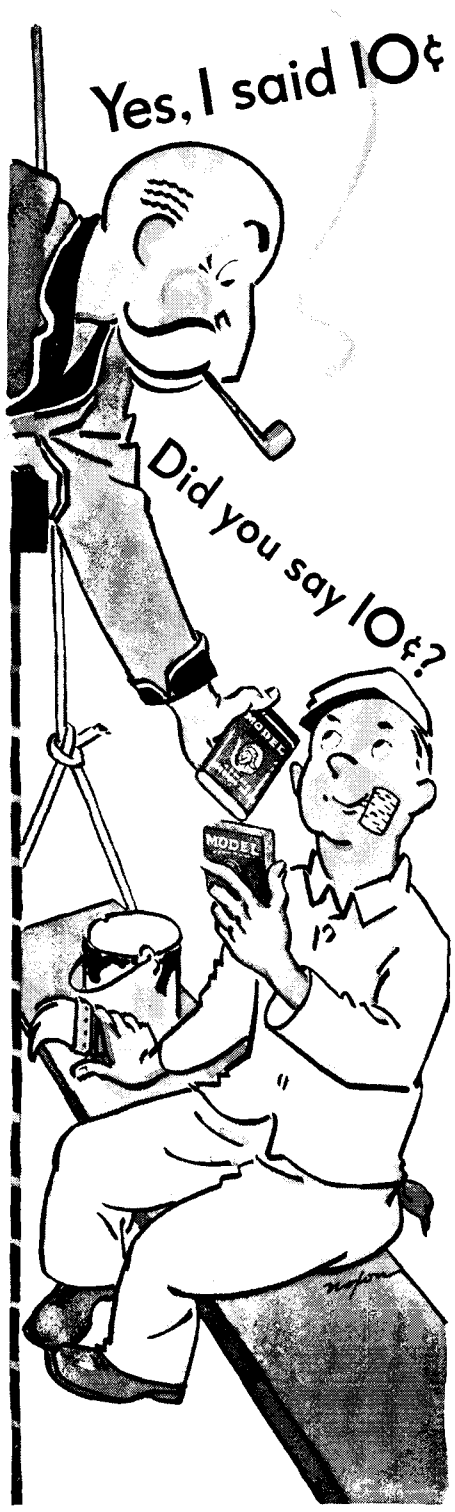

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TUNE IN YOUR RADIO
PICK AND PAT — COMEDIANS
See your local evening-program listings
TUNE IN YOUR PIPE

(Continued from page 39)

The newspaper-women never put anything like that into their articles. When the call for "Miss Todhunter!" took Tamara away from them they departed with an unabated, envious murmur of the life of costumes, parts, the glory of one-night stands and extra rehearsals. And their interviews all ran one way. Tamara Todhunter's fame and popularity, modest as both might be, depended in part upon her heroic, her romantic attitude toward her husband. "Star's Firm Faith in Future Helps With Every Rôle," the headline well down on the theatrical page would be. "Love of Husband Inspires Courage in Player's Heart."

In mid-December it was Sacramento again. Tamara hated the town because of bitter old memories that never would die—memories of Mayne swaggering and self-satisfied with Berman's wire in his pocket, memories of her first sickening misgivings as to Mayne's love for herself. She wrote the governor gallantly, asking for an interview. There was no answer.

Governor Coates would go to San Quentin on the nineteenth. The sixteenth, the seventeenth came; and still Tamara could not manage her coveted five minutes' interview. On one cold Saturday morning she waited at the Capitol; he might come into the big, stony hall; she might stop him. But that day he didn't come at all, or if he did it was after she had had to hurry away for her matinée performance. Early in the evening Billy Martell came into her dressing-room.

IT WAS almost eight o'clock. Tam was dressed, finishing her make-up. She twisted about to look at him.

"Billy, I got your telephone message. What brings you up here, and how are Ellen and all the infantry?"

"Fine," Billy said.

"And I suppose all agog about Christmas?"

"You never saw such crazy kids!" the man answered disgustedly. "I wish to the Lord it was over."

"You know you love it!"

"You look grand, Tam," the man said. "I wanted to see your show tonight, but you're sold out."

"Holidays. But we've been doing a good business, anyway. Pete's delighted." Her voice always dropped to a lifeless note when she talked of her work. She turned back to the mirror.

"You're coming down to us Christmas Eve?"

"Oh, yes," Tam said absently. "Billy, was it on George's business that you came up here?" she said.

"Partly, I guess. Yep, I wanted to see the governor, or to manage for you to see him."

"They make it terribly hard," Tam said. "Well, it's close to Christmas and he's a busy man. But I was hoping I could see him before he goes down to San Quentin."

"I saw his secretary today," Billy volunteered, and stopped. Tam turned anxious eyes upon him.

"Whittell? What'd he say?"

"He wasn't exactly encouraging, Tam. Not that he knows much, but of course he's very close to the governor. He said that Coates always made up his own mind about things of that sort: 'Mrs. Davis' seeing him wouldn't affect him one way or the other; he's not in the least interested in women,' he said."

Tam's face flamed.

"I wasn't going to flirt with him!" she said coldly. "It was just one more thing that I could try; I've tried them all. George told me that Coates was a forlorn hope, but I thought—I thought—being Christmas time—"

"This ass Whittell says his desk is buried in petitions," Billy observed.

"I suppose so." Tamara's jaw was set and her eyes narrowed. "Well, anyway I didn't see him," she said. "I waited at the Capitol today for almost two hours. I'd sent in a note, but he didn't come in. That's that."

"Shall you see George this Christmas, Tam?"

"Oh, yes. We go down to San Francisco tomorrow to play a week. After that I'm free unless I go back to Hollywood. Christmas is Tuesday; I'll go over and see George on Monday. I dread it—" Tam said, under her breath.

"It's awful," Billy said.

"Oh, yes," she agreed quickly and lightly, "it's awfully hard! It's hard to find things to talk about. It's—all hard. He's been simply marvelous all through; he would be. But it seemed to me that the last time I was there he was a little different—I don't know," Tam interrupted herself, her throat suddenly thickening. "I don't know, but it seemed to me it was getting him—"

"You imagine that," Billy said as she stopped.

"Maybe I do. Anyway, you're wonderful to come up here about it, Billy."

"It seems that the governor doesn't like the idea that he could be influenced by—well, a beautiful woman crying, that sort of thing," Billy offered somewhat diffidently. Red came into Tam's cheeks again; her eyes flashed somberly.

"The fact that people are suffering—" she began stiffly. "Oh, well, it can't be helped!" she added. "After Christmas we can only try again. How long will you be here, Billy?"

"Going back tonight. But I may be back in a few days on the other matter."

It stabbed her, and her busy hand was still as she asked in a quiet voice:

"You don't think there's any use staying around here any longer?"

"Well, tomorrow's Sunday and the governor's gone with his family all day, and early on Monday he goes down to San Quentin."

"I see, Billy," Tamara said in a stifled voice, putting her elbows on the dressing-table and burying her face in her hands. "Isn't power a terrible thing? Power! He has it, and we can't reach to it, and George is locked in already for the night like a beast—locked in like a madman—"

"Tam, if you let it get you, you're the one that'll pay for it," Billy said, distressed.

"Yes, I know. You want a seat tonight, don't you?" Tam asked in a normal tone, looking up. "Wait a minute and I'll ask Daddy Rogers; he's my friend. Lily, ask Mr. Rogers to come in here a minute, will you?"

She began to repair the ravages her tight-pressed hands had done to her face; there was a tap at the door.

"Come in, Daddy!" Tam said. But it was two beaming and excited little girls who came in instead—the Frick girls. Their father owned the theater, and he had said that if they wouldn't bother Miss Todhunter more than a minute—

Tam smiled at them kindly.

"Which of you two is going to be the actress?" she asked. In a storm of delighted giggles and nudges Barbara and Joan admitted that they both hoped to be.

AN HOUR before train time the next morning Tam telephoned the executive mansion. Before he left for Woodside could Governor Coates possibly see Mrs. Davis for five minutes? It was very important.

Governor Coates and Mrs. Coates had gone to Woodside last night.

"Oh, thank you," Tam said, weakly. "They—they couldn't be reached there?"

"If you would write a letter, Mrs. Davis"—the secretary said kindly. Tamara started to say that she had indeed written letters, but tears choked her, and she hung up the telephone with no further words. On Wednesday of that week she sent out from her dressing-room at the old Geary Street Theater in San Francisco for a paper: the governor's pardons were duly listed there. A Burke, a Castagni, a Miller—there were nine in all. No Davis, but indeed she had inferred that. George's pardon would have been in big headlines; he would have telephoned her. It was strange to think of George telephoning her again, coming in to take her to dinner; it wasn't possible to believe that he had ever been free to do that!

She saw him on Monday—Christmas Eve—came back alone across the gray winter bay with the familiar icy agony at her heart. It was hard enough to steel herself to see him, to arm herself with cheerful odds and ends of news, to fill her arms with books and handkerchiefs and cake and olives. But the coming away was the insufferable thing; that was the time when Tam's courage and nerve were at their lowest ebb.

It was all so bleak, so despairing and hopeless and endless! She saw George in a chill, bare room that was bisected by a long table along which ran a glass partition. The prisoners sat at the inner side: at either end of the table were guards. There were other women who meekly, forlornly accompanied her in the boats and buses on the long trip to the prison, and who had, like her, to grasp a few mumbled words with the men they loved under the eyes of all the rest—who cried on the way over and sobbed all the way back. Tam was no more fortunate than they; their dreary neighborhood was only an accentuating note to the blackness of her despair.

SHE did not cry; it would have been delicious relief to cry. If she might have wept away the tight weight on her heart that was with her day and night, if she might even have eased it a little with tears, it would not have been so hard. But what she felt when she had seen George in that place of horror, had smelled the dreadful smells and heard the clanking keys and slamming doors, was too fearful for tears. The memory of his quiet courage, his concern for her, his utter weariness with the empty stupidity of it all would tear at her heart for hours afterward like the teeth of animals. She would awaken in the night suffocated at the memory of his look, of some patient, tired word, of his thanks for books and candy, tobacco.

On Christmas Eve she drove her own car over to San Quentin. It was only three o'clock when she came back to the city and turned toward the Martell house, an hour's drive south. George had said to her, "No pardon? Coates threw me down, did he?" and she had answered gallantly, "Billy and I mean to attack him again right after Christmas!" but the few words had told her that George had been hoping great things, as they both had been, for the Christmas list of pardons, and the whole world seemed bleak and dark and hopeless to Tamara when she had to turn her back on him and leave him to whatever grim and cheerless Christmas manifestations the prison afforded. Driving down the cold, winter-bound highway she could think of nothing but George; helpless and thin, with the ungroomed, tired rawness in his appearance that changed him so strangely and with the clanking, odorous corridors and the whitewashed walls for a background, and when at last she reached the Martell house it was with a weariness, a nervous despair in her own soul that made any thought of Christmas joy seem nothing less than unbearable!

(To be concluded next week)

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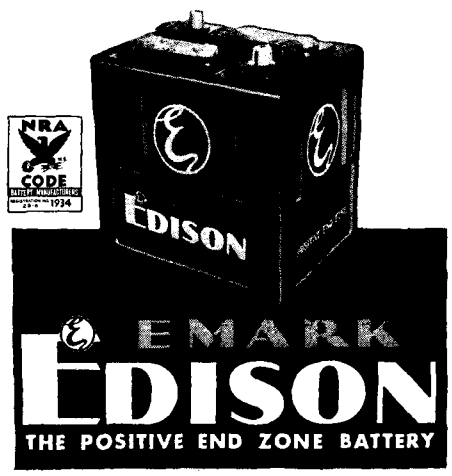


Narrow Channel

Continued from page 15

against the screens. Presently the houseboys cleared the table and set out fresh bottles and glasses. Moira had disappeared and when she returned she had changed into a sheer white evening dress that transformed her amazingly. Her father stared.

"What on earth—"

"Well, we don't often have visitors," she explained coolly. "And, anyway, I felt like dressing. . . . Music?"

She looked at Mr. Reed, who, sunk in a deep cane chair, was scowling darkly at the tip of one of Mr. Brent's cigars. He looked up sharply when she repeated her question and lifted the lid of the phonograph.

"Not for me," he snapped. "I don't care for music."

MOIRA bit her lip but went on smiling and started a record anyway. Mr. Reed abruptly filled his glass with raw gin and gulped it down, annoyed. Mr. Brent went into the house and soon he could be heard stamping back and forth demanding to know where the cards had gone. They had, it seemed, disappeared. One of his assistants got up with the suggestion that they'd better get some new packs from the store anyway, and then it seemed that no one could find the store-shed key. Mr. Reed rose abruptly and started down the veranda steps for the shadowy beach. He betrayed no surprise when a slender arm was suddenly linked in his, and small shoes pattered on the sand beside him trying to keep pace. He understood women.

"I knew you'd rather walk on the beach," said Moira breathlessly. "And talk to me."

"I suppose you think you're a very clever young lady, hiding the cards and the store-shed key," he said at last, a curious brittleness in his voice.

"You certainly have quaint ideas," she answered. "What on earth should I want to hide cards for?"

He faced her suddenly, removing his cigar.

"You're quite obvious," he said. "And I'm not going to be pleasant about it, or feel flattered. Is that clear? If you want to be decently friendly, all right. But I'm beyond the flirting age."

"I love to hear you talk in that positive way," she murmured.

"You're a little fool!" he snapped, and set off down the beach at a rapid pace. She did not relinquish his arm and though she had to run to remain beside him she managed it very gracefully.

"Really," she gasped, "you're hurting my arm."

"You don't have to hang on," he returned brutally.

He stopped again and flung his cigar away.

"How long is this comedy to keep up?"

"Let's take the small boat and go for a sail when the moon comes up," she suggested, ignoring his remark.

"I know nothing about boat sailing."

"Well, I don't believe you."

"That's your privilege. Now I think you'd better return to the bungalow. I'm taking a long walk. Besides, your father will probably be annoyed."

"Father is never annoyed with me. And, anyway, didn't he tell me to show you the beach by moonlight?"

There was a long silence then, while they both stared at the sea, and when she spoke again her voice had changed, grown serious.

"Do you think I've waited to know you all this time to let you go now?"

He was distinctly startled.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Never mind." She mused for a while, her hand running slowly up and down his arm. "Don't you like me at all?"

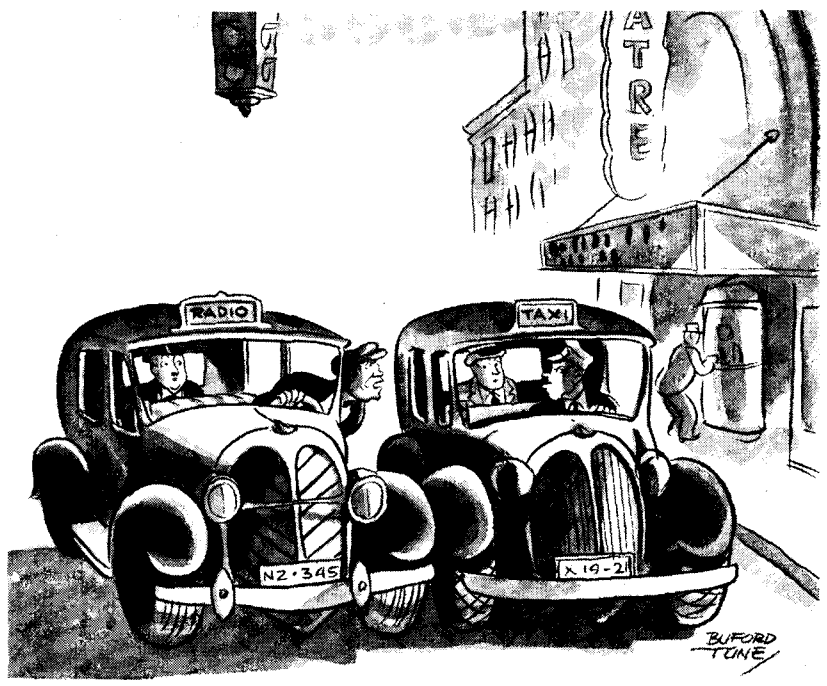
"Like you?" he said shortly. "Who wouldn't like you?" He caught himself. "Twenty years ago I'd have given all I had to have met a girl like you. But that's all past. Forget it. Let me forget it."

She shook her head.

"No, it isn't as easy as that. And it isn't a question of years. I know you so well. I've read about you. I've made other men talk about you. I think I knew you from the moment I first saw you land on the beach.

"I was born in the islands," she said. "I've been on Matabas ever since I finished school at Sydney, six years ago. I suppose if I'd lived all the time like other white girls I'd be like them. Con-

(Continued on page 42)



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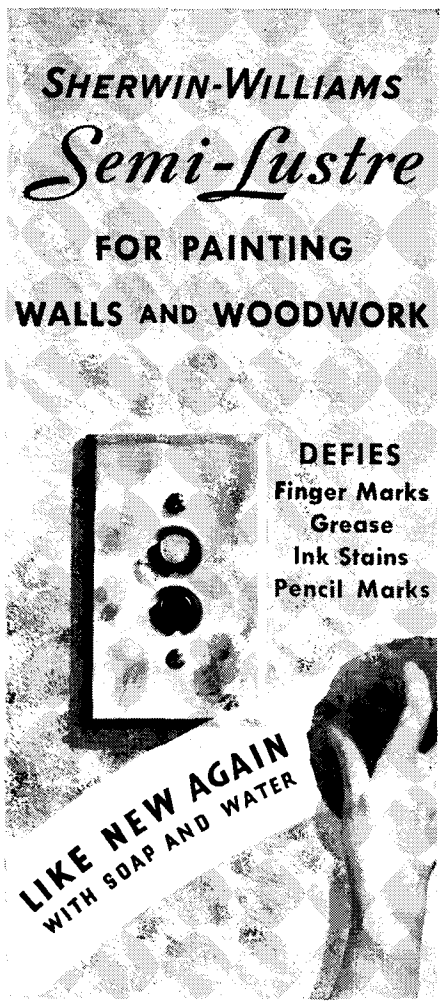

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(Continued from page 41)

ventional and cold. But I'm not. I don't care. There had to be one man and only one. And when he came nothing else mattered. What do I care for time?"

She put her arms round his neck so quickly he had no chance to draw back. Her warm young lips clung against his own and her young body molded against him. He thrust her off by main strength at last, and in the starlight his face was ashen.

"Listen to me," he said icily. "This has got to stop right now. It's unthinkable. I don't want you. I daren't want you. Understand? I daren't. There are things you know nothing about. Now go back."

"So you don't—don't want me at all?" she whispered.

He tried to speak then, once or twice without success, his throat dry. "You've built up something about me that isn't true," he finally managed. "It's a fairy tale. It's living on this damned island without the things you ought to have, the companionship. I—I'm nothing at all as you think. Let me be."

She said nothing but stood motionless, looking at him, her eyes brimming and her hands at her throat. And something inside him snapped hard. He reached for her savagely and held her close.

It was very late when at last they returned to the bungalow.

IT WAS some three weeks later when Mr. Brent was injured. He had been out fishing for great rays, a sport in which he occasionally indulged. And, as will sometimes happen, one of the massive harpooned beasts had turned, leaped from the water and smashed the boat under. Two natives swam ashore with the unconscious planter and when the Reverend Mr. Cummings had examined him he came out on the veranda and shook his head.

"Compound fractures in both legs," he said. "Three ribs broken and I'm afraid there are internal injuries. He'll have to have a doctor. My limited knowledge is of little use here."

Moira looked quickly at Mr. Reed and then back at the grave-faced missionary. Her eyes were frightened.

"That means he must go to Kotablu. A week's journey. Can he live that long?"

The missionary shook his head again.

"I don't know. He's running a fever already. I don't think he should be moved in any case."

"But to go to Kotablu and bring the doctor back would mean two weeks at least," cried Moira.

Mr. Reed looked intently into the bowl of his pipe and cleared his throat.

"Well," he said harshly, "there's no time to be lost. You'd better start one of the assistants off in the whaleboat."

Cummings gave a sudden exclamation of dismay.

"I've just remembered," he said through dry lips, "that the only one here who can handle a whaleboat and navigate is Brent himself. I might manage the boat, but I know nothing whatever of navigation. And Kotablu is a long way."

There was a hard silence. Moira looked at Mr. Reed. "More than two weeks," she said bitterly, "unless there was someone who knew the channel through the reefs. . . ."

Mr. Reed returned her gaze, his eyes like flint.

"What the hell are you talking about?"

Moira laughed without mirth.

"Do we have to keep up the pretense at a time like this, Barry Lark?" she said. "You can dye your red hair, and change your name, and swear you're a planter, but you can't fool anyone who knows you as well as I do. I've known you since the first days you came, and you know I've known you."

His face was gray, and he made a tired gesture as one who comes at last to a decision.

"I suppose it had to end like this," he said wearily, making no attempt at denial. "Just when I thought I'd found something I've wanted all my life." He looked at her steadily for a long time and his face softened. "You know what it means, Moira. I'm reasonably safe on Matabas here. And I have you. I came here to hide for a while till things blew over. At Kotablu they'll know me, someone will. They'll have to bring me back with the doctor because I'm the only living man who can pilot the secret channel. But after that I hang."

She grew taut, her eyes widening. She had forgotten that. He would hang. He was wanted for piracy on the high seas and the killing of the master of the barkentine William the Fourth. He tapped out his pipe and put it in his pocket and a smile flickered into his reckless gray eyes.

"Well, it's as good a way as any," he said lightly. "To go out doing a reasonably decent thing." He took her suddenly icy hands. "You mustn't think of me entirely as a criminal, Moira. That killing on the William the Fourth was as justified as any killing could be. That man and myself and my younger brother were partners at one time. My brother he murdered. He left me for dead on an uninhabited atoll. And he ran off with my ship and everything I owned. I waited ten years to get him, and I did. And the money I took was mine. I killed him in a fair fight, but that doesn't count with the law. That's all."

Moira's face had drained of all color and her eyes were enormous. And then suddenly she flung her arms about him and kissed him again and again.

"I can't let you go! I can't! I was mad. I wasn't thinking. I was afraid for father. Let Mr. Cummings go. We can keep father alive somehow until the doctor comes."

He smiled a little and stroked her hair.

"No," he said gently. "I'm the one to go. . . ."

THE Resident Magistrate at Kotablu was eating a lonely dinner on the veranda of the official residence when he heard the police guard challenge, and a white man loomed out of the darkness to stand before him. The stranger was dressed in grimy whites, a red bristle of beard covering his chin and his eyes deep-set and dazed for lack of sleep.

"What is it?" demanded the Resident shortly. The stranger tossed down half a tumbler of neat whisky, dropped to a chair and talked for a steady ten minutes. Before he had finished, the Resident was up, shouting for the houseboys to get his gear together and warn the doctor.

"We'll take my cutter," he said crisply. "Though if Brent's as bad as you say I doubt if we'll be in time. Two weeks with those injuries—"

"I left Matabas three days ago," said the other man and the Resident choked. "I can take the cutter back in the same time."

The Resident recovered himself, lighted a cheroot and carefully inspected the glowing end. He remembered things, particularly a description in the files. But he gave no sign.

"Through the reefs?"

"Through the reefs."

"You know what that implies, don't you?"

"I should."

"Right," snapped the Resident and there was no further comment, no other word between them until the cutter dropped her anchor off Matabas Island. As the Resident landed on the beach with the doctor he met Moira Brent.

"Your father?" he inquired.

"He's still alive. I think you're in time! But where—"

She stared at the anchored ship and there was that in her face that told the Resident the simple truth. He had wondered a great deal since leaving Kotablu.

"Mr. Reed," he said deliberately, "dropped dead asleep as soon as we reached the anchorage. You know he's been on his feet nearly six days straight. I think," he added, "my men will take you to the cutter if you wish to go." Which was how it happened that Mr. Reed awoke some twenty hours later to find Moira Brent beside him. He took her hand and curiously enough they did not speak for a long time.

"Your father?" asked the man at last.

"He's out of danger now. The doctor said another two days and there would have been no saving him."

HE NODDED. After a while Moira went to order food while he shaved and bathed and dressed. And when that was all done Moira and he went out on the cutter's deck, where the Resident walked up and down, contentedly smoking a cheroot and watching the windward sky.

"How soon before we start back?" asked Mr. Reed. The Resident smoked for a moment and then lifted his grizzled brows.

"Four or five hours maybe. The wind's due to turn then, I judge." He paused, coughed, and drew hard on his cheroot. "I've had quite a talk with Cummings," he observed irrelevantly. "Quite a decent old chap. Known him for twenty years. He seems to think a lot of both of you." He pinched Moira's pale cheek. "You're getting to be quite a beautiful woman, my dear. I remember when you first came to the archipelago. All eyes and legs and pigtails. Ah, well, Time flies."

"You might as well get it over with," said Reed quietly. "Am I under arrest?"

"Yes, time certainly flies," ruminated the Resident, apparently afflicted with sudden deafness. He paced up and down a moment longer and then came to a halt, his eyes fastened dreamily on the placid sea. "Funny thing about that captain of the barkentine William the Fourth," he observed, as if to himself. "He was a badly wanted man. He had a nasty habit of smuggling opium and native women. It's quite a relief to have him out of the way."

"He needed killing," agreed the other man grimly. The Resident coughed.

"The Administration owes you a vote of thanks for uncovering that channel," he observed. "Great thing for Matabas Island. I'm sure you'll like the place."

"Like the place?" asked Mr. Reed, puzzled.

"Quite," the Resident assured him. He turned and looked squarely into his eyes. "I think you had better invest in a plantation. Permanently. The Administration would like to know there was a good man settled on Matabas, where they could—er—keep an eye on him. I'm sure you understand, *Mr. Reed.* Settled on Matabas."

There was a long silence.

"Darling," whispered Moira faintly. "Darling, don't you see what he means? Don't you see?"

The man beside her held her close and drew a deep breath but his eyes remained locked with the Resident's.

"And Barry Lark?" he asked.

"Barry Lark," said the Resident deliberately, "made a very fine and generous gesture. But he was unfortunate." The Resident shook his head. "He was lost at sea on the run to Kotablu. I filed the report by radio this morning."

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All Washed Up

Continued from page 13

I saw huge tracts of what has the outward appearance of being good land but which is really so worthless that their owners are glad to lease them, *for no other consideration than the payment of taxes*, to rich men from the North and East who hold them for hunting preserves.

Nor is the South, which we have been examining thus far, the only section of our country that is being destroyed by erosion. To a greater or a less extent it *all* is and, in case you should happen to doubt the validity of that statement, all you need do to prove it for yourself is to jump in your car, take a ride into the country and look with a seeing eye at the farms on both sides of the highway. Do that and you can quickly determine just what is becoming of *three billion tons* of topsoil that is being washed off of our cultivated lands every year and can never be brought back.

Disaster in Coon Valley

Take that ride—I would like to insist upon it because I took one 6,000 miles long for the purpose of writing this article—and, entirely apart from spectacular gullies and abandoned farm homes which you may have noticed before, you will note several other things. They are the things that you should note, too, because they are the ones that will graphically tell you the story of how our farmers are and have been for generations wasting our fundamental wealth.

First, you will see that eighty-five per cent of the cultivated land is on a slope of five per cent or better. Second, the crops on the lower ends of these slopes are almost invariably better and healthier looking than those at the tops of them, while by the same token, in nearly every instance the soil at the lower end is of a different color from the soil at the upper. Obviously the reason for these conditions is that the rich topsoil is being washed downhill by the rain water. Keep on looking at the farms, though, and you will see something else. Practically every farmer is the proprietor of a gully—some of them as you will note own dozens of gullies—which run down their slopes or along the bases of them, and whose sole function it is to provide transportation facilities for carrying the good earth away from the farm and starting it off on its last ride to the ocean.

But keep your eye on the farms. Look carefully now and you will be astonished to find out that on not three per cent of those you pass in a day's ride have their owners plowed their slopes along contour lines, which would largely prevent the run-off of rain water, while in not one half of one per cent—except in a few exceptional areas, have they so terraced their lands as almost entirely to eliminate it. On the contrary, for no reason on earth except that it's a lazy man's way, the vast majority of farmers plow straight up- and downhill, thereby turning every furrow into a channel via which some part of the fundamental richness of their land is inevitably bound to run away from them.

As an example, and one that will take us a long way from the area we have been discussing, take Coon Valley, Wisconsin. Only eight years ago Coon Valley was as prosperous a small farming section as there was in America. Today, with the grass all grazed off its barren hilltops, with the slopes beneath plowed and planted in corn and wheat and fodder crops, with half of the springs in the area dry, with fine big barns ready to topple over into recently dug arroyos, with nice dwelling houses preparing to tumble in on top of them, with green pastures here being turned into rocky, barren wastes, with fertile fields yonder being cut into ribbons by gullies, and with the almost level floor of the valley itself being burrowed into and torn to pieces by Coon Creek every time it rains, all that the place reminded me of was just another picture of a rapidly arriving desolation similar to that which I had already seen in the South.

In a few hours and just as if the

(*Continued on page* 44)

Philbert . . . . . By Frank Owen

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(Continued from page 43)

spectacle had been arranged for my benefit, I saw some of that desolation arrive too. While I was there the first bad drought of the summer broke. The heavens opened and the waters came down. Ordinarily, to a drought-stricken country a rain is a blessing. To Coon Valley this one was mixed up with a lot of disaster. Thousands of tons of topsoil came rushing down the plowed hillsides; other thousands from the lands above came rolling down in landslides; old gullies on the slopes were deepened and widened; new ones were born, while Coon Creek itself, once a clear, murmuring, spring-fed brook, but now always muddy and always ready for a rampage, went on one and tore its way a few feet here, and many yards over there into the fine farm lands on either side of it.

Now Coon Creek, as I should here explain, is a stream that's different. It is rather unique because all by itself it drains a complete watershed comprising 92,000 acres, for which reason the Federal Erosion Service has established a station there for the dual purpose of, first, studying erosion, and second, teaching the farmers how to prevent it.

The farmers in that section, though, a list of whose names reads like a page from a Norwegian telephone book, are most of them "agin larnin." Even for cash they don't want to be taught. The Coon Valley watershed is owned by four hundred rugged individualists, to every one of whom the government has offered not only advice but also financial aid in case the advice is accepted. More than fifty per cent of those farmers have turned down that offer. "You can't come in here and tell us how to farm," they say, and yet they know, because they can see it every time it rains, and feel it in their pocketbooks every time they sell their crops, that it won't be long now until they, like a great many people in the South, will not have any farms left that are fit to live on.

Chinch Bugs and Soy Beans

In one short morning I saw at least a dozen fields which were good only a couple of years ago but which are now so badly cut to pieces as the result of rain water running down hill that they are utterly worthless. I even stopped at one farm a large part of which had been destroyed only the night before.

Now the irony of a disaster like this is that it is almost as easy to prevent rain water from running downhill, and doing damage, as it is to encourage it to do so. All that is needed is to use a bit of brains. Although comparisons are always unpleasant, let's now make one. In Pennsylvania, then, where the sturdy farmers of York and Lancaster Counties plow on contour lines, terrace their land where necessary, and keep the grass cover growing on their hilltops by keeping their stock from grazing it off, their ungullied farms are just as productive as they were two hundred and fifty years ago when they started to work them. These men have farmed at a real profit because they still have their topsoil.

On the other hand, in Coon Valley, where plowing is done by guess and by gosh; where a terrace is almost a curiosity, and where the cattle have eaten the grass off the high spots until they are bald as tombstones, farming is all done at an actual loss because, up there and under those conditions, as the Erosion Service has fully demonstrated, the really productive life of a farm is just about twenty years. Thus, not only a large part of Coon Valley, but also a large part of the rest of Wisconsin is already ruined. So are portions, as I have already indicated, of practically every state along the Atlantic seacoast; so are sections of Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Missouri, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa. Even California hasn't escaped; the government map shows that in many large spots its valuable topsoil is entirely gone, while in many others it is rapidly going.

When we are discussing land erosion the chinch bug may seem to be immaterial and irrelevant, but he isn't. He is highly significant. Having arrived, not only in Iowa, our richest farming state, but also in Missouri, Indiana and Illinois, by billions of millions, and having done more in thirty days to restrict the production of wheat, oats, corn and barley than the AAA has accomplished in two years, he is not only significant of the drought of this year, but, which is truly ominous, he is distinctly prophetic of another dry spell for next. In short, he is just a warning symptom of what we are coming to in case we keep on destroying our topsoil.

Moisture is the only thing that kills him; our topsoil is the only thing that conserves our moisture. Consequently, when it is gone, or when most of it is and with it most of the earth's moisture, the only cultivated thing then that this little pest won't kill when he touches it will be the soy bean. That sounds like China. Over there because the chinch bugs won't eat soy beans the Chinese must, and, as things are now going, how long will it be until we are on the same diet?

That that day will eventually arrive unless we prevent it by preventing soil erosion and thereby preventing droughts, is, according to numerous experts with whom I discussed the matter, about the most certain thing that is in store for this country. The correctness of this conclusion is easily demonstrable by merely looking at the Mississippi, which in the ordinary transaction of its business, and not taking into account the havoc that it creates when it goes on a tear, annually dumps the fertility from 1,250 farms of 160 acres each down into the Gulf of Mexico, from which watery grave we can never salvage it.

Every other stream in the United States fed by rain water running down plowed or cleared slopes does the same kind of job, to the end that our loss in farm value every year amounts to such a staggering total that it would take an astronomer to figure it. It is a loss, however, that in certain locations is actually visible to the naked eye. One can see it by looking at the huge quantities of good earth from farm land that is piled up behind reservoir dams.

For example, out of thirteen power dams that I saw in the South, eleven have become so filled with silt within the past four decades that they have been abandoned. The dam across the Colorado River at Austin, Texas, filled up with mud to eighty-five per cent of its storage in twenty years. Again, the Elephant Butte reservoir in New Mexico, which provides irrigation water for one of the largest projects in the West, is being ruined at an alarming rate. When the Reclamation engineers built this reservoir, at a cost of about $10,000,000, they said it would have a life of 233 years. They were somewhat in error, for as recent measurements have shown, that reservoir, which I have visited several times in the past few years, will within sixty years from today be packed so full of alluvial soil brought to it by erosion that it will not hold enough irrigation water to supply its customers for even one year.

Gold-Bricking Our Posterity

It is more or less the same with every irrigation project in the West, and thus, unless new methods of soil cultivation which will prevent erosion are adopted, the entire irrigated civilization of that section, like the entire unirrigated civilization of the rest of the country, is threatened with destruction.

Clearly, then, the whole story of erosion points to a consummation which must be avoided. Merely because our forefathers betrayed their trust to us by ruining millions of acres of good farm land for the sake of a temporary gain is no reason why we should gold-brick our posterity by handing them a country that they can't live on. And if the energy and enthusiasm with which the Soil Erosion Service has tackled its job can be made to count for all it should, we are not going to do anything like that.

As a rule, government services are slow to take their feet off their desks, and when they do, as a general thing, they move reluctantly about. The men in the Soil Erosion Service, however, who are now at work in twenty-four different stations in the country educating farmers, are not like that. On the contrary, they constitute about the liveliest gang that I ever met, which I think can be accounted for by the fact that Mr. H. H. Bennett, the director of the service, has instilled into every one of his young men the idea that the job he is on is of even more real importance to the future welfare of this country than that of a congressman.

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ALAN DUNN

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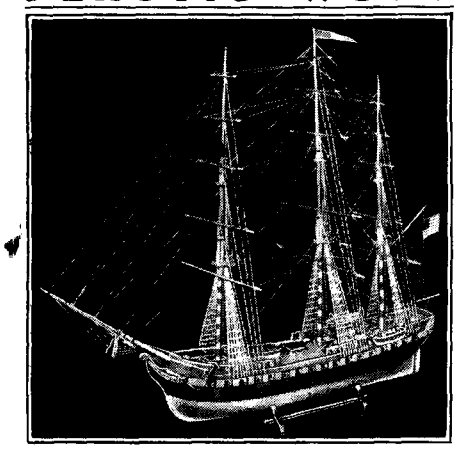

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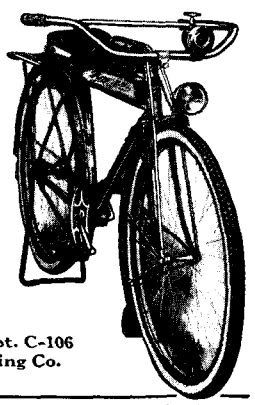

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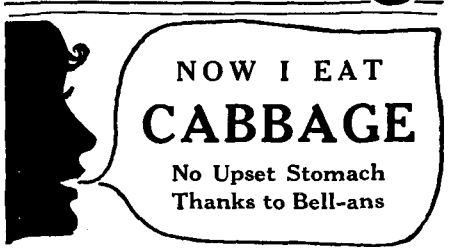

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BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION

The Writing Dog

Continued from page 9

the popping of flashlights, and reporters are questioning everybody in sight and wanting to know what it all means. I tell them about Torcho getting jealous of Ching and booting him out of bounds. The minute they hear that they are off for the races. But as fast as they leave more arrive. The guys going out tip off the new ones by yelling, "The door!" That travels and soon there are thousands of people around the building screaming, "The door!"

In the next half hour Benny had got Hammerstein to raise Mystera's salary a thousand dollars a week to keep Torcho in the building, he has got a permanent bodyguard of six cops for him, and is phoning every detective agency in town. The newspapers cough up a blizzard of extras with front page stories and pictures of the avenging dog's writing on the door. Nellie Bly writes a sob story about it and Ella Wheeler Wilcox unloads a beautiful poem showing that a dog is a human being with a tender heart and a soul. And the man who kicks him does not deserve to live. In the night show Ching wrote that poem on the blackboard, signed Ella's name at the finish and the audience wept until its rheumatism came back.

And after the show, Frenchy was arrested. Torcho blew the whistle, claiming Frenchy was the owner of a murderous dog who wrote threats on doors.

That featured the morning papers. Benny had Frenchy sprung in time for the matinée. After the matinée, the police nabbed Ching. He was accused by Torcho of threats to kill, maim, injure and otherwise come to the aid of the party. Glick had him out for the evening show. That made the afternoon editions.

Then Torcho was interviewed and claimed Frenchy did the writing on the door. That made every paper in the world, including the Hagerstown Almanac.

Glick pulled Carvalho back into the picture by having the greatest of graphologists compare and analyze the handwriting on the door to prove it was Ching's and not Frenchy's. His article proved definitely that the murderous postscript on the door was written by Ching. I saved that write-up all these years.

FROM the way the act is packing them in, then Frenchy could live to be the last man on earth and still shake hands with a millionaire.

I get real friendly with Frenchy, who by this time is speaking good English. One night, after the show, he invites me out to triangulate the elbow. We get a table at Considine's, he pays the checks with Ching's money and we get as chummy as toes in a tight shoe. Finally, he says, "Torchy is no good."

"He's two animals lower than a rat," I affirm.

"He kicked Ching," he says.

"I saw him put the leather to Ching," I testify from below sea-level in a big mug of beer. "How about the message of doom?"

"I shall have revainge."

"Oh, you wrote that?"

"Carvalho says no. Carvalho makes no mistakes."

"Who wrote it?"

"Carvalho says Ching. But my fraind, neither Ching nor myself will accomplish the avaingence. We are rich beyond avarice. In two weeks we sail for France."

"Who will do the avenging business in that case?"

"You, my fraind."

"But—"

"Leesen, my fraind," he says, and I listen. He pulls out a Variety and shows me Mystera's route sheet for the next twenty weeks. After that, he starts some explanations that have me whooping.

I'm in the writing-dog business when Ching finishes his Hammerstein run. I'm to be Frenchy's American agent. The idea behind it is that if Torcho doesn't like the sight of writing dogs he is going to see lots of them. Frenchy shows me a list of more dates than any one act can play in a lifetime. I'm going to fill them all in a season and Frenchy will cash in on it by going fifty-fifty with me.

We are going to elevate the speaking stage by making it bark. I spend the next two weeks contacting performers on the Palace curb and wiring every loop and circuit in the world including the independents.

I'M AT the wharf when Frenchy and Ching sail. Then I get back to my brand-new office and start to work.

Well, if you look up the old newspaper files in the Fifth Avenue Library you will see that something strange happened in New York about that time. Valuable pets started to disappear, especially if they had big paws.

All in all, over seven hundred purps must have been grabbed up. And every one of them was named Ching.

I only sent out fifteen Chings the first week. Each act grabbed close to a thousand dollars a week. I paid two performers in the act fifty each. Chings work for nothing. Deducting expenses, there was eight hundred dollars' profit on every act every seven days.

And every theater Torcho played he was topped by a writing dog. Before the season wound up he had grabbed a lot of Mystera's money and run off somewhere with an acrobat's wife. He ain't in show business any more.

Neither are the Chings. We washed them up in a season and I cabled Frenchy more than he made in his Victoria run. That was so long ago that maybe there might be a revival of Chings. The public has sure forgotten them enough to start out a couple again. If you want the recipe there ain't any better way of getting it than in Frenchy's own routine the way he told me it that night in Considine's. I'll tab it down to a minute for you:

"My fraind, I don't owe Carvalho the apology, for Carvalho is right always. The writing on the blackboard was the writing on the door, my fraind. I did not do the writing. Neither did Ching, my fraind.

"My fraind, so simple it is. The blackboard, she is deeper than it looks. Inside that board is my—what you call—the bozo. In the hands of the bozo is a magnet. A powerful magnet, my fraind, a very powerful magnet. The glove that Ching wears on the stage is lined with the best of steel. Need I say more, my fraind? Zeep, the current is on and Ching's paw goes where the magnet goes. The paw pulls Ching with it. When the current is off then Ching is free. He barks and runs.

"The writing on the blackboard is thus explained, my fraind. And the message of doom was written by the bozo at my request. If it were not for the big money, my fraind, I would kill Torcho, my fraind. It is better far to not do so and get rich, my fraind, yes?"

I'll say yes. And with Carvalho's permission, I'm still Frenchy's fraind.

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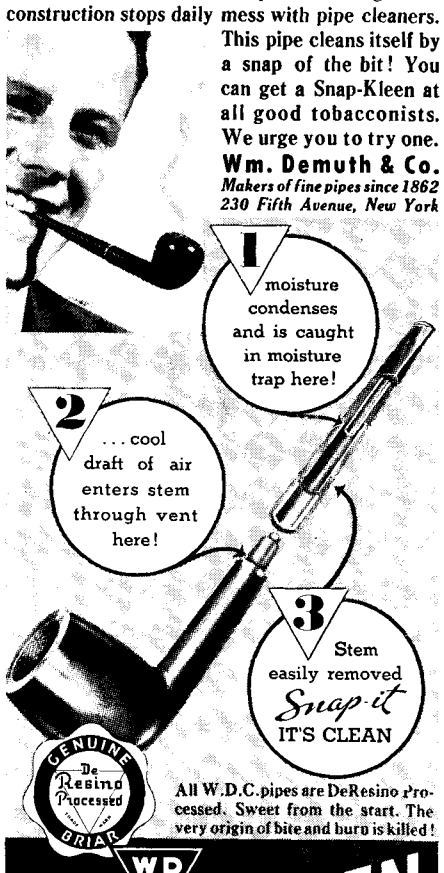
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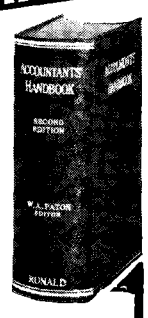

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The Backsliders

Continued from page 11

Then they found out that Crim must have loved her very much, for, when she lay on her death-bed, she looked up at him and her fourteen-year-old daughter and said:

"I don't mind dyin' because I always wanted to thank God first for bein' so kind to me."

Things changed considerably in the Seely household after her death. Crim was too busy at the mines to offset the new ideas his daughter brought from Chicago and in time she took him away from the miners and put him in a new house just outside the town. The newspapers referred to the place as an estate.

What it cost Crim to build nobody knew but it was bigger than a wholesale grocery and full of servants who walked around as if they were looking for cobwebs on the ceiling.

Up at Gobbler's Knob, Broogy could sit on the front porch of his shack and look down across the valley at Crim's new home. He saw strangers come from strange places and stay there for days at a time. At night there were music and dancing. In the morning, swimming and tennis and horseback riding and all that sort of tommy-rot. And once he saw Crim come out on the porch in an undertaker's outfit. There were times when he really felt sorry for his partner but he could always drown that weakness in a bucket of beer.

CAMELIA'S nineteenth birthday found her engaged to Clinton Van Deeger, whose family blood stream was reputed to be colored a deep indigo. Camelia was in Chicago at the time and made the decision herself. Crim had nothing to do with it; not even the parental prerogative of giving the prospective bridegroom the once-over. He said nothing, however, but set to work getting the house in order for their arrival. But Camelia had other plans; it was the young newspaper-man from the Terre Haute Tribune who brought them to Crim. It seemed that Camelia had told the Chicago papers she was going to New York to live with her husband's parents.

"You knew this, of course?" said the newspaper-man to Crim in his office. Crim was a little startled by the question.

"Me? Why— Oh, yes, of course. I talked to her the other day about it over the phone."

The interview was soon over and the newspaper-man hurried away to his paper. Crim sat in his office long after Miss Hoffman had gone home. He had suddenly grown very tired and he wanted to be alone.

WHEN somebody in Swarty Neegan's saloon read the Tribune's story to Broogy that night he felt so happy he bought nine rounds of drinks for the boys and donated ten sixteen-gallon kegs to the blacksmiths' picnic. He was still chuckling to himself when he walked up the hill to his shack. Now he could sit on his porch and look down at the mansion, knowing that Crim was somewhere about, wandering through the forty rooms like a lost pup looking for its master. In the midst of his self-satisfying contemplation an idea suggested itself. It was so good that he jumped into bed an hour earlier so sleep could hasten the morning.

Crim was dictating to Miss Hoffman when he walked into the office the next day. Squatting himself down on the edge of the secretary's desk, he pulled out his tobacco pouch and crammed a bale of burnt-umber hay into his mouth.

"Miss Hoffman," he said, "I wish you'd tell Mr. Seely I'm all washed up with this outfit. I'm leavin'."

Miss Hoffman did so. Crim stared at the floor.

"Will you ask Mr. Kile why?" His voice was very low.

"Mr. Seely would like to know why," said Miss Hoffman to Broogy.

"Goin' down to Blocton, Alabama—work in the mines down there."

"Tell Mr. Kile that he has three hundred and thirty-eight thousand dollars in the bank." Crim reached into his desk and brought out a folder. He scanned it. "There's also a nineteen-thousand-dollar dividend due him this month. Also, there's a matter of his partnership. What do we do about that?"

Miss Hoffman repeated the message to Broogy.

"Tell him I'm givin' my half o' the mines to Camelia an' that lily-eared punk she's marryin'. Half o' the money goes to the miners around here so they can paper their houses 'stead o' whitewashin' them with fire-clay. An' as for the other half—" he paused and stared at the secretary—"I'm givin' it to you, Miss Hoffman, so you can buy your brother a new act."

Miss Hoffman gurgled once, then fainted. Broogy stepped over her and walked out of the office. Crim followed him to the porch.

"Broogy!"

Broogy paused on the steps.

"I suppose you made up your mind—huh?" Crim stepped down to the ground so he could look him in the eyes. Broogy merely stared at him and said nothing. Crim shifted awkwardly. "I kind o' wish you wouldn't, Broogy; it'll be lonesome 'round here. Has been lonesome far as that goes. I waved at you a couple times from the house. You was up on the porch—guess you didn't see me. Better view up there; much better'n I got."

Broogy said nothing. Crim tried to smile and found it difficult.

"I was tellin' what's-his-name the other day 'bout the time me an' you was bachin' with Kid Scott over in Ulrichsville. Remember? You know, the time we fell in the tub of soft soap Mrs. Kenney was cookin' up? I was tellin' him 'bout that an'—"

AN Illinois Central passenger train rolled into the station one afternoon, carrying a very angry young lady. It was Camelia Seely. Clutched in one hand was a newspaper. Only a portion of the story was discernible as she stepped down into a waiting limousine:

OPERATOR BECOMES
COAL MINER AGAIN

Crim Seely, one of the richest coal operators in the country, for reasons of his own, has gone back to work in one—

The limousine whisked her away. Her angry eyes stared straight ahead; her tiny feet tapped the car floor nervously. In a few short moments, the car rolled down the broad avenue leading into her father's estate. Horrified servants informed her that Mr. Seely was washing himself in a tub in one of the sheds.

She found him, stripped to the waist, singing as he bent ove .he tub of sudsy water.

"Father, this is disgraceful!"

Crim looked up at her and smiled.

"Disgraceful? What?"

"You know what!" Camelia began to cry. "What will Clinton's people think? What will everybody think? I'll never be able to face them again!"

Crim ran the wash rag around the back of his neck.

"I got to be happy, too," he said.

"But not this, Father—I won't stand for it! I'll—I'll stop it! That's what I'll do—I'll stop it!"

"Yeh?" Crim cocked his head like a curious dog. "An' how you goin' to do that?"

"I'll go to Mr. Kile, your partner. I'll get him to help me."

Crim laughed.

"Then suppose you come down in the mine with me tomorrow. Me an' him's buddied up an' we're workin' three rooms off'n the First South."

"Hey! Did you take that off of there?" BILL HOLMAN

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Your Own Best Bet

Continued from page 28

characterization is that of a special person. But all facial difficulties can be removed—for the stage—by proper make-up."

That is where the woman behind the footlights triumphs over other women, even over herself in private life. For instance, one feature that is most easily changed there is least easily altered for close inspection. But if we can't do much about our noses, it is interesting to pause long enough to hear how they might be changed in the theater—aside from the obvious use of putty and a sculptor's touch.

"If the nose is too long," said Madame Daykarkhanova, "it can be made to look shorter by putting rouge on the end of it—not bright red rouge, but a reddish brown. Or, if one wishes to make it look very decidedly retroussé, it can be lifted with a fine, flesh-colored chiffon ribbon, so thin that it will not show through the make-up foundation. If the bridge of the nose is irregular or too high, it can be straightened by drawing straight lines on either side of the bridge and blending them into shadow on each side of the nose."

The Expression in Your Eyebrows

But even though there can be little illusion about noses as our friends see them, we find that her theater rules for eyes are quite generally applicable.

"The wrong shade of eye-shadow or eye-pencil can throw the eyes back into the head and almost blot them out," she said, "yet with proper treatment deep-set eyes can be brought out and given brilliance. People who have blue eyes often mistakenly think they are enhanced by using blue make-up. It is very wrong. If you want to make a piece of blue material look bluer, you do not put it next to another blue, do you? No, you use a contrasting color. The eyes should always be made up with the color that is in the pigment of the skin. It is really a reddish brown and varies in shade with the individual. Even a blonde has a certain amount of that reddish brown just under the skin."

By inference then, if a woman uses eye-shadow in the evening let her beware of the blue and the blue-gray with which so many are unfortunately clouding their eyes. "Shadow" literally means a mere shading. To be effective, it must be employed sparingly and with subtlety; it must be applied so delicately that it is a true illusion, not an obvious artificiality.

"The eyebrows change the expression of the face more than anything else," continued Madame Daykarkhanova.

"Probably that is why people are always fussing with them," I suggested.

She smiled, "No one is satisfied with herself—we all want to look like someone else. Those very evenly plucked eyebrows like a half circle above the eye—we see them so often today—destroy all expression except one of surprise and inquiry. Eyebrows must be carefully placed, according to the shape of the skull."

Here is information not only for the young actress, but for every woman who indulges in a session with the tweezers—and, judging by results, some of those sessions seem to be veritable orgies. It is possible to pluck "wild" hairs, to make eyebrows look neat and well-shaped, and still to retain their individuality. Avoid the prevalent pulling to a one-hair line that looks as though it had been drawn with a draftsman's compass and that gives so many feminine faces the inane and identical expression of a group of painted wooden dolls.

"If the face is thin and long," Madame Daykarkhanova told us, "and one wants to give fullness, rouge should not be placed too near the nose, but a little away from it. On the contrary, to make a round face thinner, the rouge must be placed farther in. The best way is to judge by the cheek bones. Let them be the palette and then blend outward. One of the most important things in all make-up is thorough blending. A young, slim face can be given jowls by using rouge above and highlighting the lower part of the cheeks and jaw and then painting in shadows."

Then suddenly Madame Daykarkhanova became concerned. "Don't think that make-up is merely a process of applying grease paint," she exclaimed. "The problem of every particular make-up must be attacked from an analysis of character. It begins from the inside and works outward. The actor must create primarily the inner design of a character just as every individual human being has an inner design. First, there is the question of nationality—racial features and characteristics that are an underlying basis. Then secondly, there is the question of age. That is not merely a matter of gray hair and wrinkles and sagging chin, but the lines left by life and experience—lines that often enrich a face tremendously. They show whether one has led a peaceful, blissful life or whether and how one has suffered. Third, there is the question of character—whether one is brittle and sophisticated or trusting and naïve; quiet or very active; considerate or malicious; and also what has been wrought by one's profession and manner of living. All these things leave definite marks within one that will show through the face. Facial make-up must be a revelation, not a disguise; it is an aid, not the thing in itself."

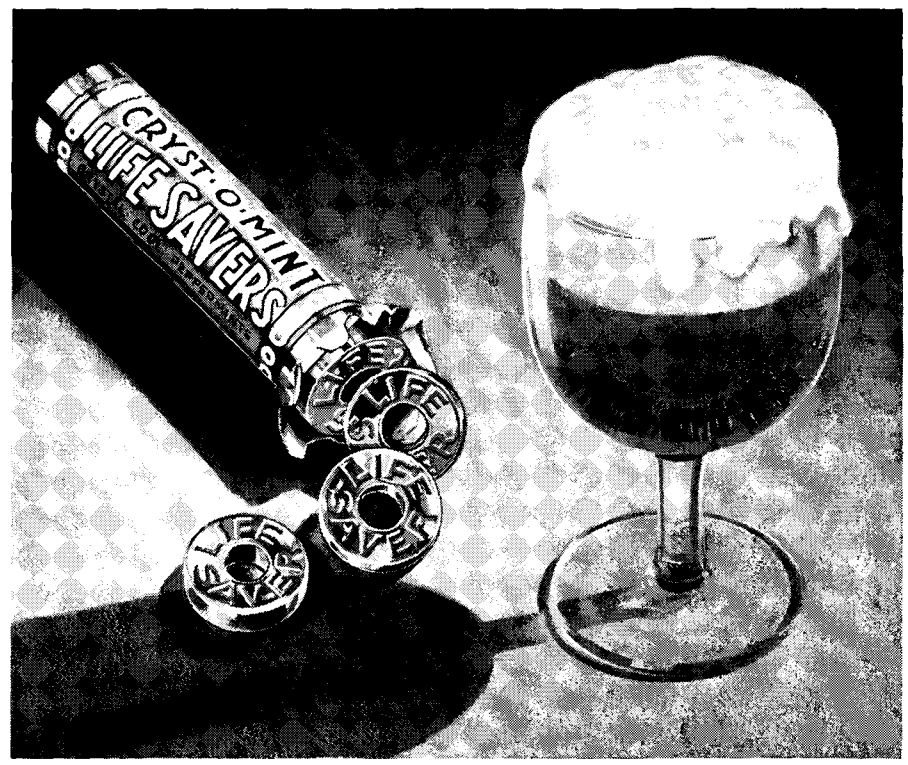
That last sentence is unalterably and universally true. It should be printed in italics and hung above the dressing table of every actress in the theater and every woman in her home.

Fooling a Friend

Madame Daykarkhanova's own appearance authenticates the rule that in private life the less make-up one needs the better—and that it should never be obvious.

Her advice is well worth the taking, for her contribution to the New York stage has been extraordinary and unique. We are grateful for this—yes. But now in the higher places of the theater, those in the know are becoming impatient. Here in our midst is one of the finest dramatic actresses that the meticulous Moscow Art Theater has produced. Her command of English is now so excellent that, on the way to the photographer in the guise of a character quite her own opposite—that of the supercilious blond society woman—she dropped in the other day to see a friend and in speech as well as in make-up and manner completely fooled her. With the self-effacing quiet of a very great artist she has contributed her genius to the appearance and performance of others, but how soon now is the American public to be given the thrill of her own distinguished acting? And when—and if—that happens, in what one of the bewilderingly different metamorphoses of which she is capable will she choose to appear? Here is mystery.

MINT SETTLES MATTER OF WIFE AND BREATH



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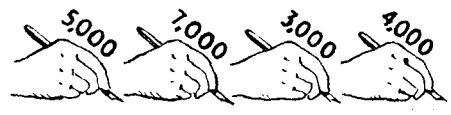

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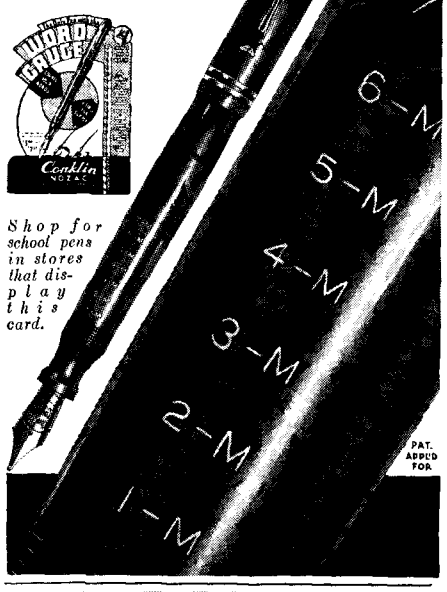

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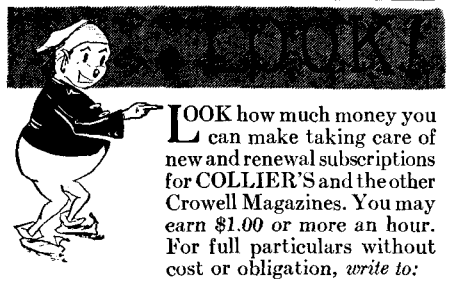

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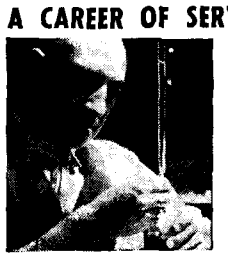

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You've Got to Get Up

Continued from page 20

deadly right—another thump. We untangled. Then his right landed once more. We clinched. We broke. He swung—

"One," I heard the referee count. I was down again but the punch wasn't very effective. I got to one knee.

"Two."

I looked to my corner and nodded that I was all right.

"Better take advantage of the long count," I advised myself and listened quietly as the referee's voice tolled off the fateful seconds.

He's Up—He's Down

At nine I got to my feet and resorted to the same tactics as before. As we went along my head gradually cleared. In the fifth and sixth rounds I began to show signs of life. In the seventh and eighth I rallied. A surprised crowd cheered my comeback. In the ninth I had Vacca in a bad way but, try as I would, I couldn't knock him down. He was as game as a tiger and fought back courageously.

We shook hands for the tenth and final round. Without wasting time we started to hammer each other. If I could knock him down, I might win. If he stayed up, he would be the winner. Vacca was fighting frantically to protect his lead and we stood toe to toe swapping our best punches to head and body. We battled back and forth across the ring swinging for all we were worth and slugging our hardest when the bell sounded and—Vacca wins!

After the fight Mr. Blake tried to console me. "Fidel, every good fighter experiences such things. This was your first and I hope it's your last, but coming back as you did proves to me that you're a real champion."

"Sure," I answered. "You're trying to keep me from feeling rotten about my bad showing."

"No, I'm not. You haven't the facts so you miss the point." He smiled. "Let me ask you this: How many times were you down tonight?"

I was puzzled. Did he think I could forget?

"Twice, of course," I replied. "Once in the second and once in the fourth."

"Just as I thought," he grinned. "You don't know."

His reply had me bewildered. What was he trying to tell me?

"Fidel, you were down no less than four times tonight!"

"What?" I exclaimed. This didn't seem to make sense. "The first time, I heard the referee count five—"

"That wasn't the first time down," he interrupted. "That was the third time in that round."

I couldn't believe my ears. Was I still dreaming, or what? "Then perhaps you'd better tell me what happened."

"Vacca caught you sleeping in the beginning of the second and dropped you with his right. You didn't stir till after six! Then you struggled up and reeled around like a drunk, swaying back and forth. Your arms were down and I could tell by your glassy, staring eyes that you didn't know what was going on.

"Then Vacca measured you off and—wham! !—another terrific right landed. He couldn't miss. This time I gave up hope. I knew you couldn't get up but here's where the fighting instinct comes in. Somehow, you managed to get up again and just missed being counted out."

"That's funny," I said. "I can't remember—"

"You never knew about it," laughed Mr. Blake. "Like the first time, your arms hung helplessly at your sides and as Vacca went at you I could only pray that somehow he would miss. But no! Wham! ! Down again! The towel was in my hand and I had made up my mind to throw it into the ring to stop the fight when you started to move on 'four.' Evidently that third jolt must have revived you somewhat because from then on you seemed to understand."

When my manager had finished, I didn't know what to say. I was so amazed that I couldn't have spoken if I wanted to. All that night his story ran through my mind. Like a person who has just come out from under ether, I struggled to piece together bits of this bad dream and tried to be reassured by what he had said about fighting instinct.

I never understood the real significance of the thing called fighting instinct until about three years later when I fought Bud Taylor, the Terre Haute Terror, in Chicago.

Taylor was a splendid fighter with a dangerous, snakelike left hand. Mr. Blake had given me preliminary instructions before the fight and, contrary to his custom, repeated orders after I had climbed into the ring. I was to keep brushing the left aside with my right, remembering to keep the glove close to my jaw and watch for his right. Taylor had demonstrated many times that he could use either hand effectively.

The bell started us off, and for the first minute we boxed cautiously, each of us feeling the other out. Taylor's left snapped at me often and, according to my instructions, I brushed it aside. Then, before we realized it, the bout developed into a battle of left hands, each of us fighting furiously—jabbing and hooking with slashing determination. We danced around on our toes waiting to take advantage of the slightest mistake that might be made. Taylor's left shot out at me. I saw it and covered my right side. Then, he whipped over a powerful right—! !

I sat in my corner breathing heavily. My body was wet with perspiration. Blood dripped from a cut over my eye. I seemed in a natural enough position, resting and listening to my manager's instructions. My eyes wandered to the indicator above. For a second I was stunned. I saw "five."

"Fifth round already?" I asked, not comprehending.

"Yes, Fidel, fifth. You're going great. Don't forget what I told you to do."

Without Benefit of Memory

I nodded mechanically. I couldn't understand how the other rounds had passed. All I could remember was the start of the first round. After that something happened and I couldn't recall anything. Now it was the fifth!

I didn't hear the bell for the fifth. The next thing I knew I was locked in a clinch. Then it flashed to me that it was the seventh round. How I knew, I don't know, but it was. Then again something happened and everything went blank for the moment. When I came to I had Taylor up against the ropes and I was pummeling him with both hands. His arms hung helplessly and he was groggy! The crowd was hysterical. I knew it was the ninth round. Once more my mind went blank. Then I found myself standing in my corner. My robe was over my shoulders. Perspiration ran down my body. My face was bruised and my eye had a three-inch gash over it. I heard the babble of voices around the ringside. Mr. Blake patted my back. What were we waiting for— Oh, the fight is over!

The judges and the referee turned in their verdict slips. The announcer walked over to me and raised my hand. "La Barba wins." And—outside of the first part of the opening round and those few flashes, I couldn't remember anything that had taken place!

In my dressing-room Taylor came to congratulate me. We talked for some minutes, then he left. As soon as he had gone I confessed my lapses of memory to my manager. Mr. Blake looked at me strangely and shook his head. Then he smiled and told me all about it.

A Close Call

"In the first round," he said, "Taylor crossed a hard right to your jaw. After you hit the canvas you lay there more or less lifeless the same as you did in the Vacca fight. At six you tried to get up. I could see you were hurt because of the strained expression on your face. You tried to get to one knee but you couldn't quite make it and fell again. Everyone thought surely you were completely out and the fight was over. Some of the ringsiders even started to put on their hats and coats. Then once more you started to get up, and this time you made it. Taylor stuck out his left to set you up for another right but you swayed so much he couldn't get his range the first time. He tried again and when he had you ready, he swung. I don't know how he missed, but when he did he came forward and you fell into a clinch. You held on until the referee broke you. Then you pulled away and boxed. Your arms moved so slowly at first that one would have thought it was a slow-motion act. By the end of the round, however, you had apparently shaken off the effects and you gained speed; so much so that your arm action was as fast as Taylor's. He never got to land that right again that round.

"When you came back to the corner I asked you how you felt. Then I said I wanted you to do something that was just the opposite from what everyone would expect. Instead of being cautious and covering up as Taylor would expect you to, I wanted you go go out in the next round and start to throw punches as fast as you could and not let up until you heard the bell at the end of the round. Perhaps this would deceive Taylor and lead him to believe that you were all right and had recovered from the blow. I then asked you if you understood my plan. You smiled and said you did.

"Well, you went right out and did exactly what I told you. And I want to tell you right now, Fidel, that from that round on you've never followed instructions more perfectly in your life. The judges, the referee, and newspapermen all agreed that you won the last seven rounds. Taylor won the first and second and the third was even."

"Whew! What a close call!"

Mr. Blake gave me a fatherly smile. I could see the happy gleam in his eye. I knew that he, too, was thinking of fighting instinct and just how much it meant to us. I had had a narrow escape but with his shrewd guidance I had come through once more. I was more than proud of him, and he—he put his arm around me, saying:

"Tonight, Fidel, you've shown me that you've got more than your share of that very important quality known as—well, call it fighting instinct."

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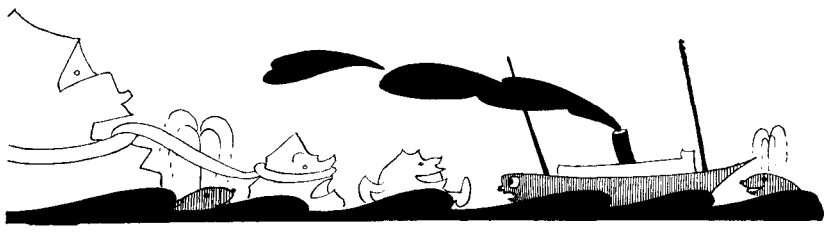

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Small icebergs are often quite a nuisance to a whaling ship in the Antarctic. Sometimes they will follow a vessel for days, even after they have been pushed away and the ship has changed its anchorage several times to get away from them. If they persist, the whaler's crew, out of patience, takes old cable and ties them to rocks or bigger bergs—for the rest of the season.—*By E. D. Sutton, Madison, Wisconsin.*

Women criminals are far more successful than men in escaping from the prisons and reformatories of the United States. Each year one out of every 45 female prisoners succeeds in escaping, but only one out of every 75 male prisoners. Moreover, fewer women are caught. While 90 per cent of the men are traced and returned, only 80 per cent of the women are ever recaptured.

St. Kilda, off the Outer Hebrides of Scotland, has a unique postal service. The island is inaccessible most of the year, so its outgoing mail is sealed in a sheepskin bag and tossed into the sea. If not picked up by a ship which happens to see it, the currents usually carry the bag to the coast of Norway, a distance of about 500 miles, where someone, sooner or later, finds it on the beach and mails the letters.

When placed in direct contact with a photographic plate, a butterfly is not only able to produce a faithful picture of itself by a light-like emanation when alive, but also a similar photograph by sulphur gas—arising from slow decomposition of its pigment—as long as 50 years after its death.—*By J. W. Hagen, Irvington, New Jersey.*

In Japan, the dead are laid with their heads toward the north. Therefore the living consider this position very unlucky and invariably sleep with their heads toward either the east or the south. This proper sleeping position is so important that many of them, when on journeys, carry a compass so they can get their bearings at bedtime.—*By O. M. Olson, San Francisco, California.*

The first great flood of literature for the masses was the "chap-books," which were sold from door to door by chapmen, or peddlers, in England, Scotland and the American colonies during the 18th century. These cheap little pamphlets, which covered a wide variety of popular subjects, were eagerly bought by the common people, who could not afford or understand the expensive and erudite books and magazines of that time.

The roar of an airplane is not, as generally supposed, produced chiefly by the unmuffled explosions in the engine. Nearly all of the noise is created by the beat of the propellers against the air.

Only some fundamental instinct can account for parallel customs among primitive peoples who never met or even heard of one another's existence. For example, one of the most common practices of prehistoric man was the carving of human bones. These carvings have been found in ancient graves in almost every part of the world.

A peculiar phenomenon which occurs on the lakes of Switzerland is the seiche, a rise and fall in the mean level of the water caused by changes in the atmospheric pressure. On the Lake of Geneva, which is 223 square miles in area, the level frequently rises on one side and falls on the other from one to six feet, and the resulting fluctuations cause the whole lake to swing from shore to shore for a period of from 35 to 72 minutes.—*By F. M. Hartley, Jr., New York City.*

About 250,000,000 Mohammedans and orthodox Jews, or more than 12 per cent of the entire population of the world, still begin their "day" at sunset, a custom which they have followed religiously since the early days when their ancestors reckoned time by the moon.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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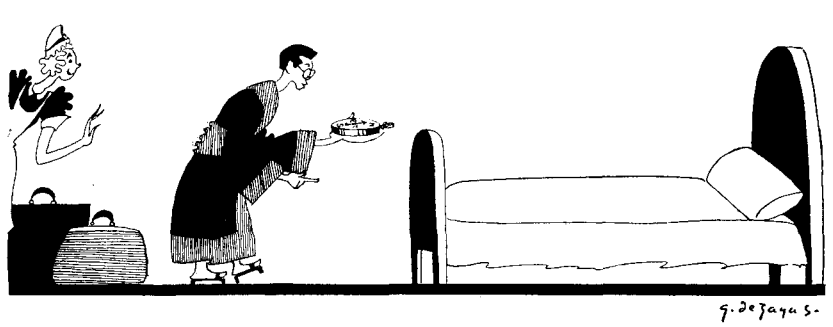

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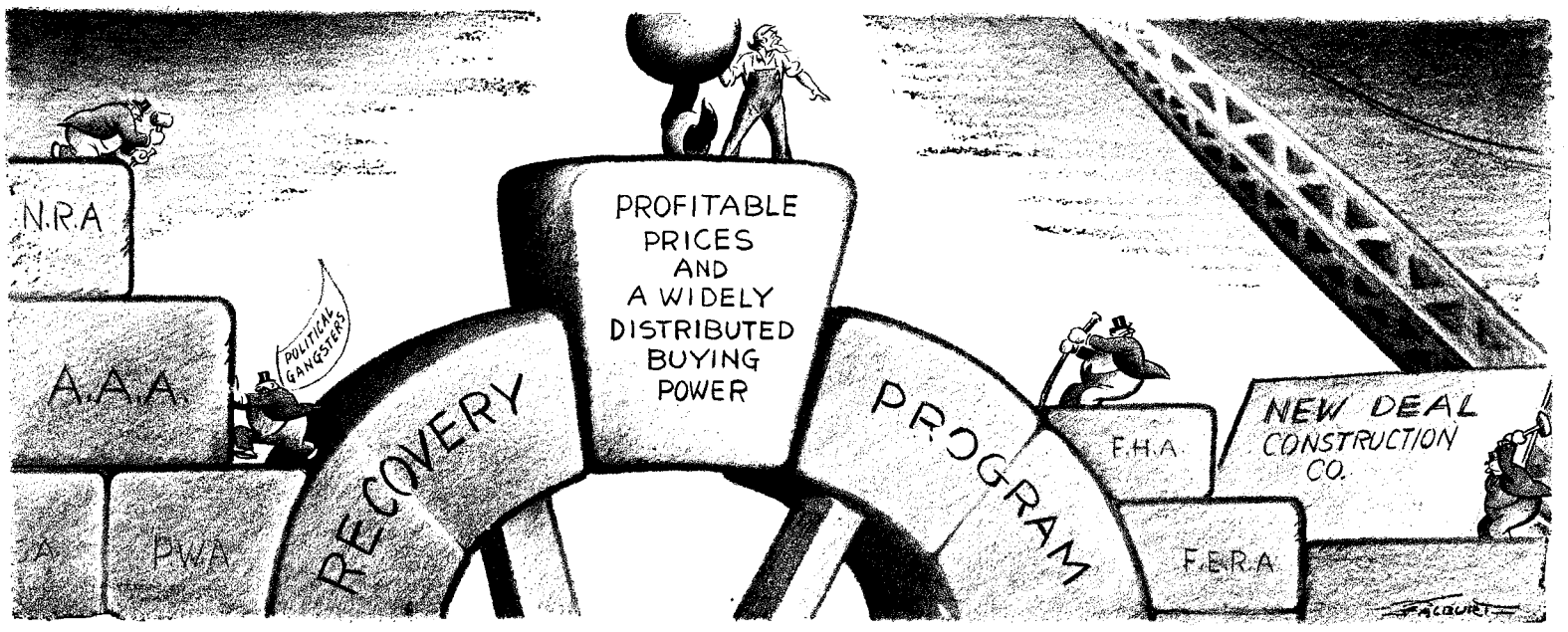

Pass Prosperity Around

RECOVERY is the keyword of the Roosevelt administration. All of President Roosevelt's speeches have emphasized the progress made on various fronts toward recovery. All of the wide-flung plans and projects he has espoused have one end in view—recovery.

This essential fact must be kept in mind if we are to understand clearly the many changes of a time which throughout the world is an era of transition. The New Deal looks backward as well as forward. It seeks to recover a prosperity once enjoyed, to restore the good things we once had.

It is the New Deal because it attempts to make real that political maxim of an earlier Roosevelt and another political party, "Pass prosperity around." It is also the New Deal because it seeks to dig deeper and to build stronger foundations for the support of the general prosperity it is striving to establish.

The profits made by numerous corporations show how far we have traveled back toward recovery. The actual accomplishments have been very large. No sane person expected miracles or magic. We have, however, a record of constructive achievement which is heartening to everyone honestly employed at useful work.

Of course the Administration is not seeking to reëstablish the follies, the excesses and the abuses which led us to disaster in 1929. No intelligent, public-spirited person of any political faith wants to do that. Long before 1929, farsighted bankers and brokers and industrialists were acutely aware of the necessity of a thorough house-cleaning.

Even though we had never experienced a depression, we should still, sooner or later, have come to new banking laws, new control over the issuance of securities and national regulation of stock exchanges. We would have established something like the NRA to provide a rational control over industry. We and every other highly organized country were moving rapidly toward some such regulation of agriculture as is being worked out through the AAA.

If an acute emergency had been avoided, we should have proceeded more slowly and cautiously with these changes. As our affairs improve and as prices and employment increase, unquestionably much of the New Deal legislation will be revised and amended.

Just as foam and débris float on top of flood waters, so the loudest voices and the shallowest minds are often temporarily conspicuous in time of rapid change. We have witnessed these familiar symptoms but they have not been evident in those who spoke and acted with authority.

The farm program has been designed to increase farm prices. The purpose of higher prices is to enable farmers to make profits. Farm relief and all the various lendings are temporary expedients, emergency measures intended only to be used until the farmer by individual enterprise and energy is able to earn profits.

The same purposes underlie the industrial program. The Administration has sought to raise prices, to increase employment and to enlarge wages. Profitable prices and a widely distributed buying power are the objectives.

All the relief distributed is being given in the expectation that restored industry and agriculture will be able to reëmploy those not fed by the government. The central purpose of the New Deal is thus to reestablish private business on a profitable basis. The underlings at Washington who speak contemptuously of the profit system fail to comprehend the central purpose of the Administration they pretend to serve.

The Administration is frankly hostile to speculation. In boom times millions like to gamble, but when the hope of easy gains fades public opinion quickly turns. So the laws aimed at speculation have been popular.

The line which separates speculation and courageous enterprise is not always easy to draw. Consequently the regulations and the agencies which are directed at making the way hard for the speculator have aroused the sharpest opposition. Where critics have been able to make convincing and constructive suggestions, as in the case of the Securities Act, the Administration has made desirable changes.

There will be other changes in policy and, too, other experimentation. Crazy men in Congress will demand unlimited inflation and dishonest men in Congress and out will seek to force the government to repudiate its national debt. President Roosevelt is against them. He takes pride in keeping the national credit sound and seeks to assure "the small investors and savers of the nation who, for the first time, rightly believe that their savings are secure."

Honest business has little to fear of any government which sets out to safeguard the savings of the thrifty. For the small savers own the insurance companies, the savings banks and other such investment institutions which are the backlog of business.

The first phase of the New Deal is over and we approach the time of slower and less dramatic change. Mistakes have been made and abuses have developed, but unmistakably the trend is toward better business more profitably conducted, and increasing employment.

Numerous political difficulties will be encountered. It will be no easy job to rout the political gangsters who are swarming over the relief agencies. Every improvement in farm and industry, however, diminishes the need for relief and so reduces that problem. Meanwhile, we are on our way and the goal is restored business, privately managed for profit, publicly observed and regulated to prevent abuses which, neglected, might menace the public well-being. Who is afraid of that destination?

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BOTH LOOKED GOOD...
THE DAY THEY WERE PAINTED!

BUT COMPARE THE "CHEAP" PAINT JOB NOW — WITH THE ONE THAT WAS DONE WITH DUTCH BOY

THE day it was painted the "cheap" job looked pretty good. And its price looked good, too. It was less than the Dutch Boy job next door.

But now the "cheap" job is all through. Its "saving" has turned into a $76 loss . . . and more to come.

The "cheap" paint has surrendered to the weather. (See the close-up photo at the right.) Cracked. Scaled. The owner, after only 1½ years, faces the cost of burning and scraping . . . the cost of UN-painting as well as RE-painting. And he'll find that a new priming coat will be needed . . . *further expense.*

Compare this costly experiment with the Dutch Boy job. After 3 years, it is still good. Dutch Boy does not crack and scale. It *resists* the weather . . . wears down stubbornly by gradual chalking, which leaves a smooth, unbroken surface that needs no UN-painting, no new priming coat.

Assure yourself a paint job that is good for years. Call in a Dutch Boy painter... a craftsman who mixes Dutch Boy to meet the requirements of your job and tints his paint to the exact color you specify. No one knows paint like a painter.

"*The House We Live In*" contains a helpful list of painting points to check, suggestions on choice of colors and many other hints that are useful. Send for it today. Address Dept. 112, nearest branch.

"Save the surface and you save all" – Thomas Paine

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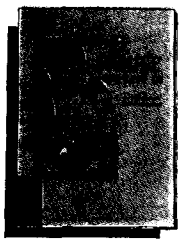
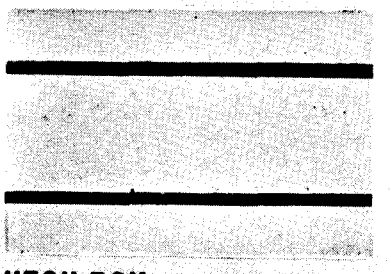


DUTCH BOY WHITE-LEAD

Good Paint's Other Name

"CHEAP" PAINT *First cost $148, an apparent saving of $14 over the Dutch Boy job below. Now, after 1½ years, add $90 for burning and scraping to the first cost. That totals $238, or $158 a year. And the new priming coat needed will boost the cost still more.*



DUTCH BOY *Same type of house, same Midwestern city as the "cheap" job above. Paint still good, after 3 years. Cost $162... or only $54 a year up to now. No burning and scraping . . . No new priming coat will be needed when this job is repainted.*

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SHE HAS SCALED 90 MAJOR PEAKS, 38 in one season. Slender, but a marvel of endurance and energy, Miss Georgia Engelhard says: "When people tell me of being tired out, or lacking 'pep,' I don't know of better advice to give than you'll find in the suggestion, 'Get a lift with a Camel.'"

YOU'LL ENJOY this thrilling response in your flow of energy!

Miss Georgia Engelhard, champion woman mountain climber, knows what it is to need energy...quickly. In light of the recent scientific confirmation of the "energizing effect" in Camels, note what Miss Engelhard says:

"*Mountain climbing is great sport, but don't* try it unless you have plenty of energy! There are loose rocks and slippery ice to contend with, and long hours of toiling up steeply-pitched ridges that tax your stamina to the limit.

"Plenty of times up there above the timber line, within a short climb of the goal, I have thought, 'I can't go another step.' Then I call a halt and smoke a Camel.

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There is a thrilling sense of well-being in smoking a Camel and feeling a quick, delightful increase in your flow of energy.

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